RELIVING MADRID **VIVIAN CADDEN**

THE NATION

DECEMBER 4, 1976 60 cents

Attica 1971: Trooper in the Tear Gas

Newsweek

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
DEC 1 1976
LIBRARY

ATTICA THEN, ATTICA NOW

THE COVER-UP AND ONE HONEST MAN
Donald A. Jelinek

IN 1976: THE LESSON NOT LEARNED
Scott Christianson

Amnesty: Carter's First Issue FRITZ W. EFAW

NEARSIGHTED OVERSIGHT

PATRONAGE HOLES IN CIVIL SERVICE

William V. Thomas and Robert Kaper

E. B. White at Large / Gerald Weales

12-74/5 12-77 AG
Guy W. Bailey Library
Serials Dept
Univ Vermont
Burlington, VT 05401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

Carter and the Talent Scouts

In the recent campaign President-elect Carter, running as an outsider, frequently expressed his distrust of the Washington "Establishment." It is now appropriate that he prove that he meant it. He can do so only by appointing some, and not others, to high administrative posts.

We are told that the shape of the executive branch he was elected to head will not begin to appear until mid-December, when he starts naming names. It could be that he will fool us all, as he has done in the past, and light up the sky with a pyrotechnical Cabinet even before these words appear in print. But barring that surprise, we venture to offer Mr. Carter some advice on the choice of his principal assistants.

First, he should maintain and even strengthen his skepticism about the wisdom and usefulness of those who are, according to the press, the leading candidates for high office. Most of those men were at the sub-Cabinet level under Kennedy and Johnson; they look rather shopworn now. Eight years in "the private sector" have no doubt padded their purses, but few of them have gained luster beyond that conferred by graying hair. With few exceptions, they would bring with them to the new administration the heavy baggage of their identification with the war in Vietnam.

Beyond this special consideration lies the whole question of what is "expertise," what qualities it takes to manage the branches of the federal government. Conventional wisdom asserts that experience in the ways of the bureaucracy and in the byways of Congress are essential to the task. As usual, conventional wisdom is wrong. That kind of experience is more suggestive of the ability to make policy mistakes, and get away with them, than of competence to do the necessary work. Men and women who have made their marks in fields wholly unconnected with Washington wiliness would be far more reassuring.

"Reassurance," it happens, is the current term for what Mr. Carter is being told he must provide. He must, the press tells us, "reassure" Wall Street by appointing a true-blue conservative as Secretary of the Treasury. He must avoid shocking old George Meany when he chooses his Secretary of Labor. The farmers (i.e., agribusiness) must be similarly assuaged and, of course, that largest of all establishments, the defense complex, is too delicate an organism to survive the intrusion of an outsider unaccustomed to its spendthrift ways. This kind of advice Mr. Carter is getting from the self-appointed talent scouts and it is designed to inhibit his freedom of choice by narrowing the field to just insiders.

Carter should remind himself once again that he is an outsider and that being one was a substantial element of his appeal to the American people. If he comes up with a list of those boiler-plate "public servants," he will frustrate his constituency and, we think, disappoint the public at large. We presume to suggest to him a few standards he might bear in mind as he goes about choosing his assistants.

First of all he should scrap his Talent Inventory Program and stop those young bureaucrats-in-the-making from carrying on in public about its "outreach" and "feedback." If he chooses a businessman, it should be one who has shown that he knows how irresponsibly "free private enterprise" has been behaving, and at an accelerated pace.

If he picks a lawyer, it should be one who has proven that he is concerned about the role the law plays as the unquestioning servant of mindless corporate power and who has a deep familiarity with the Constitution (and not just with ways to get around its intent).

If he considers an academic, that person should not come from the ranks of those with patented expertise for sale but from among those who have shown a real concern for meeting the needs of the people and some ingenuity in discovering what the needs are and how to satisfy them.

If he feels he needs a practicing politician in his official family (not at all a bad idea), he would do well to pick such a type from the ranks of state governments rather than some flashy Congressman.

All of this free advice to the incoming President is not meant to suggest that there exists no elite fitted for public service in this country. It is simply to say that the old elites, the "mentionables," are used up, if not bankrupt. One of Mr. Carter's first tasks will be to find their replacements, and he should look in unexpected places. A final counsel would be to reject anyone suggested by either Dean Rusk or Henry Kissinger. We already have enough problems abroad.

The Mole Trap

Civil defense is back in business. Not bomb shelters, of course (they would cost too much and do the arms merchants no good) but as argument for a much higher level of defense spending—on offensive weaponry.

That has always been the commodity on sale at the civil defense stand. It has not been the protection of the civil population that the peddlers of this idea have pushed; they have always been intent on increasing the number, power and accuracy of American nuclear weapons in order to "deter" the Russians by tilting the balance of terror ever more in our favor.

The game is quite simple, even transparent, and it is such an old dodge of the nuclear age that it is astonishing how it still fools so many people. We are told, first, that the Russians have vastly improved their civil defense system; they are therefore much less vulnerable in case of a nuclear "exchange." This gives us a choice: either we spend billions and billions to disperse industry and population and dig shelters, or we vastly improve the quality of our offensive hardware.

The "experts" who give us this hard choice are always quick to admit that the civil defense route is too expensive to be politically practical. So we must spend and spend again to upgrade our missiles and thus nullify the supposed strategic advantage the Russians have gained with their burrowing.

The latest move in this sinister game was made, incredibly, by the Boeing Aerospace Corp. It is not in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

credible that a major defense contractor should advance the old argument, but it is hard to see why it should be taken seriously enough to earn a hearing, in mid-November, before the Joint Congressional Committee on Defense Production.

This pitch has support in high quarters of the defense establishment. Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld told the press in late September that Russia's build-up of ICBMs and civil defense meant that "they're clearly striving not to be on the losing side in the event those weapons are used." The intelligence community, lacking the services' motivation to keep the defense industries humming, tends to discount the size and effect of Russian civil defense, as CIA Director Bush and General Wilson of the Defense Intelligence Agency testified. Nevertheless, the dig-or-arm boys seem to have the loudest voices in today's Washington.

The code word is "asymmetry." In last January's issue of *Foreign Affairs* the impeccably hawkish former Deputy Secretary of Defense, Paul Nitze, wrote that "the absence of a U.S. capability to protect its own population gives the Soviet Union an asymmetrical possibility of holding the U.S. population as a hostage to deter retaliation following a Soviet attack on U.S. forces." Rumsfeld wrote in his latest annual report on the "asymmetry" in our ability to protect against attack which, he said, raised questions about the "credibility of our deterrent posture."

Behind this murky language of doom lurks a huge new shopping list of weapons. The Air Force is after a whole new family of missiles, larger, more accurate, easier to hide, and more maneuverable once launched (MARVs). The military whispers about its "needs" in the context of a presumed Soviet first-strike capability, though that is supposed to have been outlawed by the U.S.-USSR agreement on ABMs. This country's stock of some 8,500 nuclear warheads is just not up to the deterrence job, we are told; we must march on into the "next generation" of nuclear weapons and their delivery systems.

One recalls that John F. Kennedy went to the White House nearly sixteen years ago, armed with a giant plan for civil defense which he borrowed from Nelson Rockefeller and his thinkers (including Kissinger). He soon found that it made no sense and dropped that clinker. We have a right to hope that Governor Carter will not be sucked into the Pentagon's civil defense-new generation trap and that he will agree with Rep. Les Aspin (D., Wis.) that the talk about Soviet civil defense is "at least 75 per cent bull."

A Glint of Light

There was good news from Latin America last month, though of limited scope. On November 19 the Brazilian National Conference of Bishops issued an astonishing blast against the regime of Gen. Ernesto Geisel for its use of torture and murder by state security forces, its paltry efforts at agrarian reform, and its indifference to the campaign of suppression (amounting almost to genocide) against the Amazonian Indians. Since it would be awkward for the soldiers to silence high-level churchmen, the bishops in Brazil have long been that country's most

IN THIS ISSUE

December 4, 1976

EDITORIALS

578
580 Why Dunlop Won't Do for Labor *Lucy Komisar*

ARTICLES

Attica Then, Attica Now
581 The Cover-up and One Honest Man *Donald A. Jelinek*
586 In 1976: The Lesson Not Learned *Scott Christianson*
588 Amnesty: Carter's First Issue *Fritz W. Efaw*
591 Nearsighted Oversight: Patronage Holes in Civil Service *William V. Thomas and Robert Kaper*
594 Reliving Madrid: Reunion of the Spanish Brigades *Vivian Cadden*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

597 Guth, ed.: Letters of E.B. White *Gerald Weales*
599 Berg: Grief
Hugo: What Thou Lovest Well, Remains American *Stanley Plumly*
601 Piercy: Woman on the Edge of Time
Piercy: Living in the Open *Margaret Atwood*
601 Ruth (poem) *Honor Moore*
602 Theatre *Harold Clurman*
604 Art *Lawrence Alloway*
605 Films *Robert Hatch*
606 Indigenous Music *Nat Hentoff*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW Jr.

Editor
BLAIR CLARK

Associate Publisher
LINDA EDER STORROW

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
ELIZABETH POCHODA

Contributing Editor
EMILE CAPOUYA

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, GRACE SCHULMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, LAWRENCE ALLOWAY; Music, DAVID HAMILTON; Dance, NANCY GOLDNER; Architecture, JANE HOLTZ KAY.

U.N., ANNE TUCKERMAN; Latin America, PENNY LERNOUX; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Paris, CLAUDE BOURDET; Bonn, C. AMERY; Jerusalem, HERBERT KROSNEY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD.

Former Editors: EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN; OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD; FREDA KIRCHWEY; CAREY McWILLIAMS.

The Nation is published weekly (except for first week in January, and bi-weekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1976 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year, $21.00; two years, $37.00. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 223
No. 19

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

powerful dissenters. But the militancy of their new statement, combined with the gains registered by the MDB (the only legalized opposition party) in recent municipal elections, may indicate—and hasten—the weakening of the foremost right-wing government on the continent.

The Chilean junta, meanwhile, has announced the release of almost 300 political prisoners, which, we are told, includes all but twenty of those being formally held without charges under the state of siege law. It is worth a celebration when any political prisoners get out of the dungeons of the world's dictatorships, but, unfortunately, only a small celebration. The United States press, including *The New York Times*, has handled this Chilean story so routinely, and with so little background, that it has managed to give the impression that political repression is a thing of the past in General Pinochet's Chile.

Not a word has appeared in the *Times*, for example, about the 1,000 political prisoners (by Amnesty International's conservative estimate) who have been sentenced or are on trial, or the 1,500 who have simply "disappeared"—a technique the junta has favored of late. As a result, *Times* readers are left with the notion that Pinochet has freed almost all of his victims.

The release of the Chilean prisoners was hailed as Governor Carter's first diplomatic victory, because he had expressed displeasure the week before with regimes that trample on human rights. Be that as it may, if the *Times*'s coverage was typical of the American press treatment of this event, Mr. Carter will have to take an even more forthright stand to prevent this first "victory" from becoming a propaganda triumph for Pinochet and his ruthless but increasingly insecure goons.

Why Dunlop Won't Do for Labor

Lucy Komisar

When Governor Carter ran for President, he promised women and minorities that his commitment to equal job rights was total and unwavering. Now, he has a chance to honor or flout that promise. It hinges on his appointment of Secretary of Labor, and a duel going on behind the scenes could determine the course he takes.

The Labor Secretary makes the rules for the contract compliance program that says federal dollars shall not be spent where workers face discrimination on the job. Ever since its inception, corporations have fought the program, and when they could not get it overturned in the courts, they discovered that willing allies were running the "enforcement" agency itself.

The agency staff is industrious, but officials know how to turn enforcement to "benign neglect." There is "conciliation" for endless months and years. There is acceptance of "good faith efforts" that never seem to show results. A man who inherited a bad program and proceeded to make it worse is now ready to do it all over again: John T. Dunlop, the candidate of the AFL-CIO for Secretary of Labor.

What ought to make him suspect on the face of it is that he was President Ford's Secretary of Labor from March 1975 through January 1976. It was then that Dunlop gave orders for the development of the new enforcement regulations that civil rights groups have denounced as an evisceration of whatever program there had been. The NAACP has threatened a federal suit against the rules.

Dunlop was partly carrying out GOP policy, which since Nixon had been to gut the program while keeping the shell. However, he had a special interest in hobbling the agency; it had intruded onto his own turf—the universities. When he was Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard, Dunlop submitted affirmative-action plans that were repeatedly rejected by the government. At one meeting, he declared that as long as he was Dean, there would be no departmental analyses of hiring and promotions or development of employment goals and timetables. The Harvard affirmative-action officer had to remind him that he was violating federal regulations.

When Dunlop went to Washington, he was in the happy position of being able to rewrite those regulations. He ignored the recommendations of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission and the General Accounting Office to improve enforcement. As he suggested at hearings of the Equal Opportunities Subcommittee of the House Education and Labor Committee, he wasn't so sure the program had been a good idea in the first place.

At the hearing, Dunlop questioned "the efficacy of using the government procurement process as an equal employment enforcement mechanism. Is it a wise or appropriate division of equal employment resources," he asked, "to require different or more exacting legal obligations from some employers than we do from others covered by federal statute?" He did not mention that those employers could choose not to sell to the government if they did not like the terms of federal contracts.

The year before, when he was director of the Cost of Living Council, Dunlop asked the Labor Department whether it could work out a voluntary agreement with food stores in Minneapolis-St. Paul where women meatcutters had been getting $1 an hour less than the men for equivalent work. He suggested that the normal enforcement procedures to win equal wages and back pay would be inflationary.

"When, if ever," he wondered at the hearing, should the affirmative-action obligation end? Should it be permanent, or was there a time when contractors with good records could be rewarded with "a minimum of government oversight?" Civil rights advocates wondered who would define the good record.

Dunlop set up a special Federal Advisory Committee for Higher Education Equal Employment Opportunity Programs and peopled it with his old colleagues. The ten members included eight university administrators, notably

Lucy Komisar is completing a book to be called The Machismo Factor. *She is also the author of* The New Feminism *and* Down and Out in the USA: A History of Social Welfare, *both published by Franklin Watts.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the presidents of Notre Dame, Harvard, Princeton and the University of Michigan, and the last three had actively resisted affirmative action for academic employment. Until protests forced some additions, there was no one from any civil rights, minority, women's or educational organization on the committee.

A typical committee recommendation said that when affirmative-action plans are unacceptable because of deficiencies that are "not the result of clear intent to violate the regulations, the contractor should be given reasonable opportunity to correct such deficiencies, and shall be considered in compliance as long as he demonstrates good faith to do so."

Dunlop, no doubt, would like to be present to see the flowering of his most significant achievement in the field of equal rights, the new rules the Labor Department proposed in September. Assistant Secretary of Labor John Read confirmed at hearings late last month that Dunlop is the father of those rules. They would:

¶Require written affirmative-action plans from contractors with at least 100 employees and $100,000 in contracts, instead of fifty employees and $50,000 in contracts.

¶Require pre-award clearance if contracts total $10 million, instead of $1 million—thus cutting by 90 per cent the number of companies affected.

¶Give the agency greater discretion to exempt contracts "in the national interest."

¶Allow referral of individual complaints to the EEOC, which already has a backlog of 120,000 and which lacks the power to cancel contracts.

¶Loosen up the timetables for complying with the rules.

Dunlop is being pushed hard by organized labor. Civil rights and women's groups are united in their opposition and are lobbying just as hard. They say that their interests and labor's are not mutually exclusive and that there are plenty of potential Labor Secretaries who are good on both issues. Carter's choice will be a signal to both the victims and the instigators of discrimination. He should not appoint John Dunlop. □

ATTICA THEN, ATTICA NOW

The Cover-Up and One Honest Man

DONALD A. JELINEK

Its name is Public Opinion. It is held in reverence. It settles everything. Some think it is the voice of God.
—Mark Twain, 1925

On February 26, 1976, more than 95 per cent of the charges leveled against prisoners accused in connection with the Attica rebellion of 1971 were unconditionally dismissed. Thus was cut short a four-and-a-half-year, multimillion-dollar prosecution of sixty-two prisoners charged with some 1,300 felonies carrying a potential 50,000 years of incarceration.

Neither innocence nor guilt ended this largest criminal prosecution in American history. Neither the legal skills of eighty-five defense lawyers nor the beneficence of a specially assembled prosecution team produced the blanket dismissals. This most unusual conclusion to the Attica tragedy was ordered by the force of public opinion. From the beginning, the Attica rebellion had evoked strong public reaction. The retaking of Attica prison at the cost of thirty-nine lives, the wounding of eighty-eight and the brutalization of more than 300 prisoners was a public horror. When the first massive indictments were issued and not a single member of the attack force was named, the public was dismayed. These feelings intensified when, despite promises, the state continually failed to investigate and charge the attackers responsible for the calamity. Finally, disclosure of a purposeful cover-up to avoid indictment of the attack force produced a public outrage which dictated the unexpected end to the Attica ordeal.

But public opinion does not just happen. In the aftermath of Attica, it was shaped by prosecution and defense, both employing the media to gain public support. The state was confronted with charges of excessive and unwarranted violence in retaking the prison. To avert any criminal action against the attackers which would ultimately reflect on Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, who had authorized the attack, the prosecution attempted to divert attention by issuing massive indictments against the prisoners. The defense, overpowered by 1,300 charges and the state's superior resources, sought to redirect the media to the uncharged crimes of the state's agents. Until the end, neither side was certain how the public verdict would go.

At first it was a bedlam of accusations: "evil," "throats slashed," "castration," "massacre," "murderers." In time, the defense concentrated on a new charge—"one-sidedness of the prosecution." This allegation started as a whisper within the defense camp, spread to the nearby communities of Buffalo and Rochester, and was finally trumpeted by the media. In turn, this censure of the state set in motion a course of events from which emerged one honest man, Attica prosecutor Malcolm Bell. His disclosure of an intentional cover-up of the crimes of the attack force led in the end to the public demand that the cases against the prisoners be dropped.

I was chief counsel for the defense. To prepare for this article, I interviewed my former adversaries, the chief

Donald Jelinek was legal coordinator for the Attica defense. He is a partner in the law firm of Jelinek & Samsel, Berkeley, Calif., and is writing a book recounting a decade of legal-political struggles from Alabama to Attica.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prosecutor Anthony Simonetti and his second in command, Malcolm Bell, who publicly named Simonetti as the agent of the cover-up. By combining their comments with my own participation and data, I have gained a perspective from both sides of this publicly tried battle. Here is the picture that emerged:

¶The 1971 retaking of Attica prison, which cost the lives of thirty-nine prisoners and hostages, brought down an avalanche of criticism on Gov. Nelson Rockefeller.

¶After waiting fifteen months for the anti-Rockefeller sentiment to subside, the state indicted sixty-two prisoners for the revolt but named not a single attacker for the killings. To indict a state trooper would be tacit disapproval of the state's actions and re-expose Rockefeller to public condemnation.

¶Community and media pressure, prodded by the defense, demanded indictments of the attackers and eventually forced the empaneling of a special grand jury for that purpose.

¶In an attempt to avoid indicting its own, the prosecution negotiated with the defense for a "trade-off" of charges against prisoners. If successful, this would have eliminated the public hostility that had forced the empaneling of the special grand jury.

¶When negotiations failed, Bell was appointed to head that grand jury and began the process of indicting the attackers. For three months he worked without interference until . . .

¶On August 20, 1974, Nelson Rockefeller was nominated to be Vice President of the United States.

¶Two days later, chief prosecutor Simonetti, so Bell has asserted, began to sabotage the grand jury's deliberations.

¶Bell refused to cooperate and was suspended from his post. His letter of resignation, charging a cover-up of non-prisoner crimes, was then made public.

¶The public outcry of protest resulted in the final dismissal of the charges.

To understand how this chain of events occurred one must begin with the Attica rebellion itself. On September 9, 1971, a throng of nearly 1,300 Attica prisoners revolted and seized fifty guard and civilian hostages. For five days and four nights television transmitted to an enthralled nation the plight of the hostages and the eloquence of hitherto invisible prisoners who now demanded fundamental prison reform, stating their preference to "die like men rather than live like animals."

During the next four days, the prisoners stabilized D-yard and appointed security guards to protect the hostages. The inmates called for a team of thirty-seven observers to negotiate the safe release of the hostages in return for redress of their grievances, which included inadequate medical care, shortage of minority-group guards, and only one shower a week.

On the fifth day occurred "the bloodiest one-day encounter between Americans since the Civil War," according to the Report of the New York State Special Commission on Attica. Governor Rockefeller personally authorized the retaking of the upstate New York maximum security prison by an army of 1,100 state troopers, deputy sheriffs and prison guards (whom I shall collectively refer to as state police). As a National Guard helicopter dropped tear gas on the yard, state police armed with shotguns, sniper rifles, hunting rifles and handguns fired on prisoners armed with baseball bats, pipes, knives and spears. Within six minutes, 2,200 lethal missiles were discharged, twenty-nine prisoners and ten hostage guards were slain, eighty-eight were wounded and more than 300 were later brutalized as prison guards resumed control over the prisoners.

Three hours later, the first rumors of the recapture seeped out. Correction Department officials told the press that the hostages "died when convicts slashed their throats with knives," two hostages had been killed "before today," and one had been "emasculated." These gory accounts were the state's first attempt to divert attention from its own conduct and justify its excessive force. For the moment it was successful. But the next day, the coroner and others confirmed that no throats were slashed; no one had been emasculated. And state police bullets had slain all thirty-nine prisoners and hostages.

The public was outraged by what the prisoners now called a massacre. As it read daily accounts of how inmates aided and protected hostages, of Rockefeller's refusal to take a hand personally in the negotiations or to heed the observers' pleas for more time to bargain, the public switched to the side of the prisoners.

The public was further incensed when the State Attica Commission found illegal force in the retaking of the prison, excessive and indiscriminate firing into the yard, the use of buckshot which sprayed even those trying to surrender, and physical reprisals after the battle—naked prisoners being forced to "run the gauntlet" between rows of guards who systematically clubbed them to the ground. The surviving prisoners charged that inmate leaders had been shot to death *after* the retaking. The overall responsibility was placed on the commanders who planned the attack and on the Governor who approved it. In the words of Rep. Herman Badillo, an observer: "There's always time to die; I don't know what the rush was."

There was no rush for trials to begin while the public remained restive—the state delayed for an unprecedented fifteen months before bringing the first indictments. Then on December 18, 1972, in a single day, the prosecution erupted with almost 1,300 charges against the prisoners, ranging from murder to stealing a key and possession of an electric cart.

The defense condemned this indictment by public relations campaign. The state, it charged, had waited until public indignation had dissipated and then encouraged the country to conclude that, if the prisoners committed so many crimes, perhaps the great force was necessary.

I arrived at Attica to coordinate the defense a few months after the December indictments. Almost immediately, the defense saw that the public's attention had shifted from Attica, that we faced a prosecution which had a fifteen-month jump on us and possessed vastly superior resources of staff and funds, plus the power to grant parole to "cooperative" witnesses. To add to our problems, we found that the state's public relations cam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buffalo Evening News/Time Magazine

paign had succeeded—some potential jurors still believed the throat-slashing stories and most attention was focused on the 1,300 charges. A purely legal defense was deemed insufficient.

By the summer of 1973, the defense strategy had evolved. In addition to the traditional legal preparation, we would direct a campaign at the prosecution's weakest link—the nonindictment of the state police. If the campaign succeeded, the state could either indict the police and thus, in the words of our clients, "punish the real criminals," or it could plea-bargain (negotiate) to end the prisoner cases and thereby eliminate the appearance of a one-sided prosecution. We counted on the state choosing the second option.

We launched this legal-political approach in court with a motion to dismiss all prisoner charges on the ground of discriminatory enforcement—the concept of law that selective prosecution of one group and not another is grounds for *total* dismissal. In court, we could never win this point without the type of proof Bell was later to supply; however, great interest was aroused in the community and the media.

Both Buffalo, where the trials were to take place, and nearby Rochester had been the scenes of intense organizing by Saul Alinsky, a man whose lifelong profession had been agitation for social goals. Leaders of the organizations he formed, as well as other local leaders had been observers at the prison and were present during the tragic Attica showdown.

To do political work in upstate New York was to study Alinsky. We singled out four of his maxims which were appropriate for Attica:

> Make the enemy live up to its own book of *rules.*
> Pick the *target,* freeze it, personalize it and polarize it.
> Keep the *pressure* on.
> The real action is the enemy's *reaction.* (Emphasis added.)

Equal enforcement of the laws was the state's rule; discriminatory enforcement of the laws would be the target; the pressure was to be kept on by many of the former Alinsky forces; and, unknown to us, the reaction was to be a cover-up.

To reach the public, our first step was to help organize the community of organizers. They distributed leaflets, held rallies and press conferences, issued statements for church publications and met with the new Governor. Assemblyman Arthur Eve, an observer, obtained a surprisingly large pro-amnesty vote in the legislature. Simultaneously, in courtrooms packed with community supporters, the defense hammered away at "one-sidedness."

The media reacted to this outpouring of support, both reporting it and editorializing on it. By March of 1974, the Rochester press was urging that all but the most serious charges be dropped. The Buffalo press followed. *New York Times* columnist Tom Wicker, also an observer, chastised the prosecution and called for a special prosecutor, since it was "clear by now that the state of New York [does] not intend to prosecute any of its own, whether they are high-ranking or low."

The pressure was difficult to resist, and chief prosecutor Simonetti, a former assistant D.A. and FBI agent, felt himself constrained to assemble a second grand jury to investigate the crimes of the state police. As we had hoped, the existence of this grand jury, which the prosecution did not want to use, made the idea of negotiations attractive. Before the new grand jury was even empaneled, "feelers" to negotiate began.

Two nights later, on December 22, a defense lawyer with Establishment connections remarked that an unidentified "higher-up" had stated, "Rocky would like out of the Attica cases." At a dinner a few weeks later, Rockefeller allegedly told *Amsterdam News* publisher Clarence Jones, an observer, that he "wished the cases were over." By February 8, 1974, intermediaries had arranged for Simonetti and me to discuss ground rules for full-scale negotiations to take place the following month.

But could the prosecution and defense communicate, much less negotiate, after all the animosity? Bell later reminisced about prosecution attitudes: "There was a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stronger feeling of black hats and white hats than I had ever known before. The bulk of you," he told me, "were called the 'cause lawyers,' pro-prison reform, pro-inmate, and pro-prison revolt when necessary. We feared you would sacrifice the truth, and even your clients, for the cause." Simonetti had ordered his staff never to be alone with a defense lawyer (he called it "breaking the circle") for fear "you would then claim we had offered amnesty."

The defense opinion of the prosecution was no kinder: "They" were ruthless, yet inept; "hired guns" to destroy the prisoners for the reputation and ambition of Rockefeller; persecutors who would stop at nothing. In this inauspicious atmosphere, negotiation teams were formed.

Shortly before the sessions were to begin, a Rockefeller intermediary telephoned Wicker to relay a message from the ex-Governor disclaiming any intent on the part of the state *not* to indict state police. The intermediary added that Rockefeller was aware "that an approach has been made for negotiations and appreciates your [Wicker's] efforts to bring it about."

Even the former Governor felt the need to curry the favor of the influential *New York Times* columnist. So did I. I was counting on the power of public opinion and asked Wicker to join our negotiating team. But I had not considered the problems of those who mold public opinion. The former Attica observer hesitated to participate in a news event he could not reveal to his readers but he agreed at least to show up for the sessions. Wicker was the power on the team, but we lost him ten minutes after the negotiations began, on March 2, 1974.

Simonetti immediately led off with the issue of confidentiality and added that it would be "sticky" if Wicker, an eyewitness at Attica, had to testify for either side after participating there. That did it for Wicker, who explained his role as a reporter, borrowed my copy of the *Times* and waited in another room until I conceded that he could not participate.

Both sides then settled in for the first stage of all difficult negotiations: the polemics: "massacre . . . brutality . . . vendetta. . . . Will punishment stop insurrections?" . . . "Dismissals will start riots, not stop them!" . . . "Vietnam . . . My Lai . . . Watts."

Simonetti and I, participating in the rancor, were nonetheless exchanging glances as if to say, "When can we get down to business?" He broke through with the first vague offer: "Perhaps we could dispose of not all but some of the cases where there could be a humane and socially acceptable disposition." I asked what was being offered for the "humane" category. After some hedging, he said, "Plea or better" ("better" meaning dismissals) and "no-time" (meaning no prison or jail sentence). "And the other category?," I whispered, now leaning across the table. "A plea short of the top count," he answered. This meant that a client charged with murder could plead to manslaughter. Simonetti would provide the list of those in each category in two days.

But after the weekend, the prosecutor backed down; he now needed at least another three weeks to prepare the list. Simonetti recently told me he could not remember why he delayed the offer—"probably more consideration was needed." But he remembered my warning that this delay might destroy all hope of negotiation. (Bell recalled the office cynicism about Simonetti decisions, arrived at on Fridays and reversed on Mondays. "Who does he talk to on weekends?" his staff wondered.)

I immediately notified my clients, aware that I had lost face with them by promising that a firm offer would ensue. I knew also that prisoners have their own public opinion, their own constituency with whom they too had lost face when the much-publicized promise was broken. I was now pessimistic that the negotiations could succeed.

A week later, Simonetti telephoned me to confess his fear that if he openly made the offer, "someone, not necessarily you" might publicly turn it down and then use it to create the impression that the prosecution feared to go to trial.

But the chief prosecutor had a solution: He would make a coded offer that he could later deny having made. The next day he would read to me over the phone a list of defendants in the order they were to appear at the next court session. If I listened carefully for a "pause" in the reading, I might conclude that all those named *after* the pause were in the "humane" category. The next day I listened for the pause: the proposal was a good *first* offer. Allowing for some variables, it promised no-time for 85 to 90 per cent of the cases.

But it was too late. The clients had felt betrayed when Simonetti reneged the first time and they too feared a public relations trap. They worried that if they showed interest, the prosecutor would then deny the offer had ever been made and create the impression that they were guilty and feared to go to trial. The defendants were no longer willing to negotiate.

On April 27 I broke off negotiations. The defense had used all the political muscle available. Now there seemed nothing to stop the trials, with the defendants facing all the superior resources of the state of New York.

But I hadn't counted on the last of the Alinsky maxims —"The real action is the enemy's reaction." The public pressure could not be contained. Simonetti *had* to indict the state police . . . but he could not. For me, the "war" was over; I returned home having completed my coordinating work. For Simonetti, it was just beginning. Five days later, the first evidence was presented to the new grand jury by his chief assistant, Malcolm Bell.

In 1975, I sat in Bell's home above a garage in Darien, Conn. The former prosecutor, a deacon and Sunday School teacher at the local Congregational church, had been a corporation lawyer in the Wall Street firm of former New York Gov. Thomas Dewey. Now he sat in his rocking chair, garbed in earth shoes, flannel shirt, patched jeans, rocking beneath a print of Don Quixote as he told of the circumstances that led to his resignation in protest.

I dug into Bell's reasons for resigning seven months after the negotiations broke down and then publicly charging his superior with, at best, unprofessional conduct. Both of us had long been aware that a public resignation for cause too often ruins a career. The acceptable behavior is to return quietly to private life, offending no one and keeping the public in the dark as to the nature of the dispute. I finally asked Bell if his decision involved

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any notion that the people of the state of New York—in whose name the indictments read—were indeed his clients.

"Why am I here today?," he answered, his voice rising in agitation, "jobless, unable to find work for eleven months, living on unemployment. Being a lawyer for the people meant a great deal to me. That is what America is all about. We've got this great Constitution, this great Bill of Rights, but the story of the last 200 years has been to get to a point where we live up to our fine words." He was solemn now. "I really believe the prosecution should be out *not* for victory but for justice. If there is a just acquittal, whether of *your* clients or a trooper, the prosecution wins and the people win. At times I guess I felt I was the only one who felt that way."

Since February of 1974, Bell had been analyzing the evidence against the state police. On May 8, he presented that evidence for the first time to the new grand jury—witnesses, diagrams, videotapes and photographs.

The depiction of the cover-up which follows here is from my interview with Bell and from his documented letter to the Attorney General and report to the Governor, as carried by the press. Simonetti denied the charges at the time as "entirely false and wholly irresponsible." In 1976, Simonetti would not comment further to me on any of these matters except to call them an "aberration" from "someone still hearing false tunes."

From May through August, Bell worked fourteen-hour days, six or seven days a week, as he prepared for the grand jury to vote on three indictments against state policemen. He worked without interference from Simonetti, often alone, fascinated as the facts fell into place.

Then came Watergate. On August 9, 1974, President Nixon resigned in disgrace. Gerald Ford was sworn in to serve out his predecessor's term. On August 20, the new President nominated Nelson Rockefeller to be Vice President.

Two days later, Simonetti began interfering in the presentation of evidence before the grand jury. First, he abruptly sidetracked the three cases ready for an indictment vote in favor of cases barely begun. Then, said Bell, Simonetti began "restricting the questions I was allowed to ask and telling me what questions I could not ask." Simonetti's actions seemed to him arbitrary and chaotic, but although several Attica prosecutors told him, "Simonetti's been reached!," Bell continued to believe in his superior.

This belief ended on October 17. Simonetti, over Bell's vigorous objections, granted full immunity from prosecution to a high-ranking state official—a major target of the grand jury—in return for insignificant testimony. Bell announced: "As a matter of conscience, I don't want to participate by going into the jury room when you do this." Simonetti ordered him to go in. Shortly thereafter, Simonetti immunized another key target.

The end came on December 6, when an informer offered Bell valuable information on condition that Bell protect his identity, "even from Simonetti." When the chief prosecutor demanded the name of the informer, Bell refused and was suspended pending investigation. At the time of his suspension, Bell was ready with a potential "six dozen trooper indictments." No law officer had yet been charged.

Why did the state first start and then abruptly end the prosecution of the state police? When I spoke with Simonetti this fall, I told him my theories about him and the cover-up. At the beginning, there had been no intention to indict police. This policy was reversed two and a half years later because of rising public pressure on the "one-sidedness" issue. Then, after Bell had been for three months in charge of the new grand jury, Rockefeller's nomination caused a re-reversal: the Vice Presidential nominee could not tolerate the indictment of some seventy state troopers, any one of whom on the eve of Rockefeller's confirmation hearings, might declare: "Why indict me? I was only following the Governor's orders." So Simonetti was instructed to insure that no state trooper was indicted.

Simonetti listened but would not comment except to say: "I don't think you realize the degree of independence I had." When I scoffed at the thought of him even negotiating without high-level authority, he rejoined, "Wrong! You have no real insight into these matters. . . . If you knew more, you'd have more empathy for me."

Whatever the motivations, the cover-up was now clear to Bell and he chose to act. He resigned on December 10, 1974 in a letter to N.Y. State Atty. Gen. Louis Lefkowitz, charging that Simonetti had "aborted" the investigation of the state police. After a one-hour hearing before the Attorney General, with Simonetti present, Bell received a three-sentence letter from Lefkowitz accepting his resignation and wishing him success in future ventures. There was no mention of cover-up.

Bell also telephoned state Supreme Court Justice Carmen Ball, supervising judge for the Attica cases and legal adviser to the grand jury. The judge warned him "not to tamper with the grand jury" by informing them of the cover-up allegations. On December 30, Bell sent a 160-page documented report of the cover-up to Gov. Hugh Carey. "I called the Governor's secretary," Bell told me, "to say that this report was on the way, that it was important and very confidential since it contained secret grand jury matters." When he heard nothing for ten days, Bell called the secretary again and was told that the report was "sitting unread" on the Governor's desk.

Bell then sent a second letter to Governor Carey, which arrived about the time the first major Attica trial—two prisoners charged with the murder of a prison guard—was beginning. The allegations in Bell's letter and report, if proven, would constitute a total defense for the defendants on trial. Neither the Judge, the Attorney General nor the Governor advised the defense attorneys of their existence.

Finally Bell retained attorney Robert Patterson Jr., former president of the Legal Aid Society, to represent him. Patterson listened to Bell's story and read the documentation. During the next month, Patterson repeatedly approached the Governor's office in an unsuccessful attempt to gain an independent inquiry into Bell's charges.

Despairing of any word from the Governor and following the tradition of Serpico, Daniel Ellsberg and Robert Redford in *Three Days of the Condor*, Bell's story was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

released to *The New York Times* which ran it on page one on April 8, 1975. "All of a sudden," according to Bell, "everybody was for truth and justice." The Governor proclaimed that "justice will be served in my administration" and appointed former state Supreme Court Justice Bernard Meyer to investigate and file a report on the cover-up charges. On October 9, a single state trooper was indicted for "reckless endangerment."

The investigation, said Bell, could only find Simonetti and his predecessor Robert Fischer to be "knaves or fools." The report released to the press on December 21, 1975 declared them fools. Meyer found: "a possible conflict of interest" in allowing the state police to investigate themselves, that the decision to investigate sequentially (thus reserving non-prisoner crimes for last) was a "serious error of judgment," that investigation of crimes of brutality against inmates was "neglected," and that the granting of immunity showed a "lack of good judgment." Nonetheless, the special investigator concluded, there was "no intentional cover-up." Had he found otherwise, Simonetti and Fischer would have been subject to criminal charges and every Attica defendant would have had a total defense. Meyer criticized Bell for accusations "based more on emotion than fact," then congratulated him for a "public service" in bringing the matter to "public attention and investigation."

The report rejected blanket amnesty for the prisoners but recommended the appointment of an independent prosecutor who would in effect supersede Simonetti. By this time, public opinion was again mobilized to its fullest. Believing that the state had made virtually impossible the development of a legally valid case against the state police, editorials and columnists demanded that the new prosecutor "clean the slate" by ending all prosecutions.

On February 26, 1976, four and one half years after the uprising, the new prosecutor, Alfred Scotti, dismissed all but one* of the remaining charges against the prisoners and the single belated indictment of a state trooper. The grand juries were discharged. The Attica cases came to an end. □

*One charge remains against a fugitive ex-prisoner for the death of another prisoner.

In 1976: The Lesson Not Learned

SCOTT CHRISTIANSON

Five years ago, Attica received more attention than any prison in history, with the possible exception of the Bastille, when it was the scene of the bloodiest confrontation between Americans in this century. In its wake, there was a lot of embarrassment and a lot of guilt. The news media devoted millions of words to the story; more than a dozen books about the episode were published. One of the longest, most complex, controversial and inconclusive prosecutions in American legal history resulted. A slew of federal and state blue-ribbon panels were convened; one (the New York Special Commission on Attica, also known as the McKay Commission) issued its report in a best-selling paperback edition and its findings were televised all over the country. There were trials, suits, mass rallies, press conferences, speeches, legislative acts and solemn pledges. Millions of dollars were spent to explain what had happened.

What, really, has changed since those five agonizing days in 1971? Has the uprising proven, as many contended it would, a great catalyst for much-needed reform, not only in New York but in prisons across the world? Did it make Attica tolerable? Did it lessen the chances of another revolt?

The answers to these questions should not come as a surprise to anyone who has followed the Attica phenomenon, but that makes them no less painful. The fact is, Attica still exists; it still does what it has always done; it still suffers from many of the same problems, plus some new ones; the threat of another blood bath remains there, as it does in prisons everywhere. Because, contrary to popular conception, Attica was much more than an event; it was, and is, an institution, a condition and a state of mind.

Scott Christianson, the former director of the state facilities unit of the New York State Commission of Correction, is writing a book about the economic origins of imprisonment.

Attica, the event, was subjected to exhaustive investigation and analysis, but fundamental changes of the system, the structure and the philosophy of imprisonment simply have not resulted. Thus Attica remains as bad as it was on the eve of the uprising; indeed it may be worse. The same can be said of the whole New York State prison system.

The primary response has been more of everything—more guards, more locks, more gas, more guns, more prisons and more prisoners. The state corrections budget has doubled, to more than $200 million since Attica, and now it is expected to double again by 1980. The state's inmate population has grown by about 6,000. As a result of the Rockefeller drug law and other harsh measures, sentences have drastically increased and are now among the longest in the world. The percentage of convicted felons sentenced to prison, as opposed to those placed on probation or given other alternatives, has steadily risen, even when offense is held constant.

Most of the budget increase has gone into more bureaucracy and ineffective "rehabilitation" programs that have boosted the annual cost of incarceration beyond $13,000 per prisoner. Despite persistent charges of massive corruption and waste, repeated calls for a comprehensive audit of state prison books have gone unheeded. However, the few reviews that have been performed reveal rampant overbilling, embezzlement, missing supplies and improper accounting. Overtime alone is a scandal:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for example, some Attica guards work at salaries of about $14,000 a year but receive more than $38,000 as a result of extra-duty pay and other cash benefits.

Institutional programs have increased since 1971, but their effectiveness remains abysmally low. Despite the steady growth of the prison population, for example, the number of high school equivalency diplomas granted has remained about the same. Three years ago, a comptroller's report disclosed that nearly half of all inmates were functionally illiterate and recommended an "immediate crash program" to remedy the situation. But a recent corrections department study found no improvement, and no such program has yet been started.

Despite some gains, particularly at Attica, prison health care in New York remains atrocious. Too much money has gone into drugs—a majority of prisoners at some institutions are receiving powerful tranquilizers and other medical attention strictly for control purposes—Dr. Feelgoods, psychiatric witch doctors, and other forms of mind bending. Meanwhile, a severe shortage of medical personnel deprives many prisoners of adequate conventional treatment.

Vocational training is practically nonexistent. One-third of all prisoners are idle, neither working nor studying. Most of those employed are doing jobs that equip them for nothing in the outside world. Prisoners are still denied a minimum wage and workmen's compensation—the highest pay is $1.25 a day, up from $1 in 1971—and whatever they bank returns interest to the state, not to the prisoner.

Imprisonment has always had a racist bias, but now blacks comprise 60 per cent of the inmate population. Another 10 per cent or more are Puerto Rican.

The Ku Klux Klan still exists among guards at several of the institutions. Only two years ago, it was disclosed that the Grand Dragon of the Klan in New York State was a correction officer at the predominantly black Eastern State Correctional Facility in Napanoch, Ulster County; a number of officers at other institutions have since admitted being members. Although Ben Ward, the black commissioner of the Department of Correctional Services, has forbidden his employees to belong to the Klan, the organization continues to operate inside the system. Blacks receive poorer work assignments than do whites and suffer more abuse and discrimination. "Attikkka" is the way some prisoners spell it.

Notwithstanding the state's claim that facilities have been made more open, the burgeoning bureaucracy has become more secretive and closed. While the system has grown more omnivorous in its collection of information about criminals and potential criminals, the volume of information released to the public has actually decreased to the point that it may be described as the "imprisonment of imprisonment."

Information about prisoners and prison affairs is controlled, concealed, locked away and guarded at least as closely as the prisoners themselves. That is especially true for data relating to correctional industries, deaths, and analyses of the inmate population, but it applies even to the complicated tangle of rules and regulations which are supposed to govern facility operation.

A century ago, a couple of workhorse clerks with pencils and index cards regularly turned out thick volumes, crammed with every conceivable prison statistic, and these reports were available to everyone, including foreign visitors. Today there are million-dollar research grants, a Freedom of Information Act, high-speed computers, instant communication networks, typing pools and offset printing, but the public receives substantially less information. The few reports that are produced are generally public relations blurbs, designed to present corrections activities in the best possible light.

Ordinary citizens who ask for answers are treated, more often than not, as meddlesome, if not subversive. Employees are ordered not to discuss prison matters, on pain of discipline or dismissal. In some cases, information has even been denied to legislators and gubernatorial aides; the Commission of Correction, though officially granted total access to department files, has repeatedly been blocked from conducting investigations into riots, escapes, assaults and other "unusual incidents." There have been cases of deaths about which the so-called "watchdog" was not even notified. The truth has become something to avoid and conceal. After all, it can only generate embarrassing publicity, bothersome grievances, expensive legal suits, sordid prosecution and disillusionment.

In 1971 the media failed to alert the public to the danger of an explosion at Attica. Initial accounts of the assault took the state at its word, reporting that hostages had been emasculated or had their throats slashed. Apparently, the press also learned very little from that disaster. During the week-long prisoner strike at Attica last fall, department officials imposed absolute control over all news flowing from the institution. Reporters were prevented from touring the facility and from interviewing inmates; as a result, only the administration side was covered. In one instance, after Attica Supt. Harold Smith emerged to describe the situation as "tense," a department spokesman, 300 miles away, issued a retraction. Some press inquiries were referred to a nonworking telephone number.

As a result of media failure to demand access, the public was kept from learning what was going on inside Attica. Meanwhile, the prisoners (and many guards, some of whom supported the strike as an attention-getting device) were embittered; the accounts they read often bore no resemblance to the experience they were living.

During the 1971 uprising, then Commissioner Russell Oswald offered twenty-eight concessions to the rebel leaders and the points were quickly endorsed by Governor Rockefeller and top legislative leaders. That was five years ago, but most of them still have not been implemented. (In 1971, they demanded more than one shower a week; in 1976, they are demanding more than two.) Recently, Attica prisoners presented a list of demands which was almost identical to one prepared by the State Commission of Correction and formally recommended to Gov. Hugh Carey. But despite the agency's urgent request and the prisoners' insistence that they be enacted as soon as possible, the Governor remained silent and took no public action.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Within the last few months, prison tensions have sometimes reached touch-and-go levels. On May 17, a major disturbance erupted at Great Meadow Correctional Facility in Comstock, Washington County; it was followed on July 11 by the worst riot at Attica since 1971. Throughout August and September, virtually all of the state's maximum-security institutions simultaneously experienced inmate strikes. The system-wide work stoppage not only was unprecedented in scope; it was also a rare attempt by prisoners to gain more than better prison conditions. Some grievances were aimed at the state legislature and, indeed, at the entire criminal justice system. Although the strikes ended after a few weeks, the inmates have threatened to resume them in January, when the legislators return to Albany, unless the lawmakers agree to make basic changes in sentencing, parole and other aspects of "corrections."

As director of prison affairs for the state corrections ombudsman, I spent about three weeks inside Attica, some of it during the strike and all of it while the place teetered on the edge of revolt. What I learned there convinced me that, unless some fundamental changes are made, and soon, Attica may once again be the scene of a horrible confrontation. All that is needed is a spark, an incident, for the place to go up.

Like the society from which they come, today's prisoners are probably politically less militant than those of five years ago. But that does not mean that they will not rebel, particularly when those who have been given control over them insist on trying to dominate and rule every facet of their lives. Some are still ready to die, and others to kill, to change an intolerable situation.

The prisoners are not the only ones who are dissatisfied and frustrated. For many guards, violence may be the last available means of expression. As Attica, and imprisonment itself, have come under attack, many of them have become more confused and insecure in their roles. Prisons used to be run by autocratic wardens, operating independently of one another and beyond the reach of Albany. Today most superintendents are figureheads, caught between "central office" and facility staff. Since the big riot, and largely because of it, correction officers have banded together into strong, locally autonomous unions, similar to those fashioned by the urban police in the 1960s.

This solidarity has produced new strength, but it has also created a certain weakness. Many guards now feel torn between a number of conflicting leaders and philosophies. Shall they follow the superintendent and his administration, the commissioner in Albany, the union president, or some other figure? Moreover, like the prisoners they watch, many are not as passive and obedient as were their predecessors. Some even wonder whom they are guarding, and from what. All this adds to the problem; when guards begin to think for themselves they cease to be guards.

Divided in loyalty, disturbed by what they encounter in the course of their work, the guards suffer an insecurity which is also fed by fear of layoffs, wage freezes, or cuts in extra-duty pay. Many feel threatened by possible civil suits, disciplinary action, or criminal prosecution. The prospect of being taken hostage is unsettling.

In short, authority is breaking down, and the men entrusted with restoring and maintaining authority do not know how to cope with the collapse. Nobody makes all the decisions any more; in fact, nobody can even make his own decisions stick.

This, perhaps, has led to the most disturbing development of all. After the riot at Attica last July, many prisoners charged that the trouble had begun when several guards went out of their way to humiliate and beat and kick and ride upon as if he were a beast, a prisoner who had refused to submit to a rectal search in full view of his fellows. Some inmates went so far as to allege that the incident was staged both to "teach him a lesson," and to provoke a minor disturbance which would help their union win greater hazardous duty pay.

It was an incredible charge, given what happened there five years ago, and even more incredible because it occurred in D-yard, the exact location where so many had died in 1971. Most alarming of all, however, was the fact that there was at least as much evidence to support the inmates' contention as there was official refusal to believe it.

The continuing tragedy of Attica 1971 is that it spilled so much blood in vain. □

AMNESTY: CARTER'S FIRST ISSUE

FRITZ W. EFAW

The 1976 Presidential election brought forward a number of voters who might be called "twice-born Democrats"—traditional Democrats who had strayed from the party in recent years and who returned this year because of a leap of faith toward what Governor Carter *might* at least do if elected. I admit to being one of these. FDR was something of a national savior to my parents' generation. The war in Vietnam prompted my generation to help topple President Johnson eight years ago. And this year I was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, where I was nominated for Vice President in order that I might talk about amnesty.

For me and many other born-agains, the test of our faith in Carter will come during his first week in office, when he has promised to issue a proclamation dealing with war resisters. It will be the first major action of the

Fritz Efaw, former draft resister, exiled in London for seven years, returned this year as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention where he was nominated for Vice President.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new administration, and as such will be signally important as an indication of how much change can be expected in other matters.

Throughout the campaign Governor Carter repeatedly side-stepped the amnesty issue by focusing attention on a pseudo-debate over the terms "amnesty" (to forget) and "pardon" (to forgive). These have recently become loaded words in the American political vocabulary: amnesty connotes war resistance and pardon connotes President Nixon. Accordingly, paying lip service to one concept or the other is a way to show one's political colors. Carter was rather clever to promise a pardon for draft evaders, not only because this economy of terms appeals to both Right and Left but also because it was a way of referring to Watergate without using the dreaded word. The real issue of course was not whether to call something "pardon" or "amnesty" or "Jimmy Carter's New Improved Clemency Plan" but how many people's lives will be affected and what will be the effect on our society as we recover from Vietnam. Candidate Carter could be ambiguous on this score; President Carter will no longer have a chance to be "fuzzy on issues," and he has chosen this as the first issue to be clarified.

To his credit, Governor Carter was one of the few candidates who showed a willingness from the very start to take a fresh look at the amnesty issue and to view it as a question of social justice rather than of law-and-order vindictiveness. During the primaries, when most candidates, including Representative Udall and Governor Brown, were proposing little more than an updated version of Ford's punitive "earned re-entry," Carter cut through the legalistic impasse for a solution that did not rely on the unworkable and self-contradictory notion of "conditional amnesty."

"Where I come from," he was fond of saying, "most of the men who went off to fight in Vietnam were poor. They didn't know where Canada was, they didn't know where Sweden was, and they didn't have the money to hide from the draft in college. Many of them thought it was a bad war, but they went anyway." As far as it goes, that is quite true. My brother was literally one of the poor Georgians who joined the Navy because he didn't have a scholarship, as I did, to hide out in college. The poor and nonwhite did go off to Vietnam, and thousands learned through first-hand experience what I learned through the newspapers. And unlike me, many of them deserted or did something to earn a bad discharge. In defiance of his own logic, Governor Carter proposes a pardon for draft resisters only, thus excluding the poor Georgians who were drafted and sent to war. Whether he intends it or not, such a pardon is discriminatory on the basis of race and class.

To repeat, the real question is not what to call amnesty but who is to be included. Attention has been focused on draft resisters, of whom fewer than 4,000 remain under indictment. But if the issue is seen in its proper context it must be extended to include all of those who, in the words of the Democratic Party platform, "are in legal or financial jeopardy because of their peaceful opposition to the Vietnam War," of whom there are more than a million. Besides draft resisters, these include between 8,000 and 30,000 deserters at large and 790,000 Vietnam-era veterans with less-than-honorable discharges. The latter group is particularly important, not only because it is the largest but also because it is the group which has been consistently excluded from the discussion. The rate of less-than-honorable discharges rose dramatically during the war, along with the opposition from poor and black G.I.s who bore the major burden of fighting. A bad discharge was usually the result of some minor act of opposition that ranged from going AWOL to distributing anti-war literature to using drugs in an effort to escape from what many felt was genocide. Such offenders were given labels like "apathy," "ineptitude," or "character and behavior disorders," and then discharged with life sentences to un- or underemployment. Today more than half a million Vietnam vets are unemployed and bad discharges are the heart of this problem.

In addition to these categories needing amnesty, there are tens of thousands of civilian protesters with criminal records for demonstrating and the like, and hundreds of thousands who never registered for the draft. And finally,

Renault, Sacramento Bee

"I Just Heard Her Say 'Y'all Come Home Now!'"

there are those who became Canadian citizens, permanently excludable as undesirable aliens under section 212a(22) of the Immigration and Naturalization Act, *even* if charges against them should be dropped as part of a blanket pardon.

Governor Carter's position on amnesty may have resulted from reluctance to complete a thought, but that benefit of the doubt cannot be given to his advisers. Shortly after the Democratic Party platform hearings last June, where heated debate over the amnesty plank took

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place, Carter's issues adviser, Stu Eizenstat, was interviewed by *Amex-Canada*, a magazine published by Americans exiled in Canada. Eizenstat admitted ignorance about several crucial aspects of the amnesty issue, and displayed severe prejudice about the nature of desertions in Vietnam. Evoking the stereotype of someone who throws down his gun in the heat of battle, thus leaving his comrades to die, Eizenstat defended case-by-case review of desertion. But the Ford clemency board found that only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the desertions were under battlefield conditions. Members of that board have also said that case-by-case procedures don't work because they don't measure the deserter's motivation, which is usually complex, but merely his or her ability to say what a review board wants to hear, in which ability the poor, the black and the uneducated tend to be deficient. The clemency board reported that nearly a quarter of its applicants were black or Spanish-speaking, three-fourths had dropped out of high school, and 57 per cent were from low-income families.

The response to such facts by Governor Carter's advisers, as with so many things, has been the glib rejoinder to "trust us." During the convention, Joe Duffy made a special visit to my delegation's caucus to talk about amnesty and to reassure us of the viability of case-by-case review. This could be accomplished, he said, by simply going through a computerized list in the Pentagon's files and sorting out those who had deserted under fire from those who had not. To anyone familiar with the Pentagon's record-keeping, that is pure nonsense. During the time of Ford's clemency, many deserters who turned themselves in were either listed as already discharged from service or had never been reported as missing from their units. The Pentagon doesn't have an accurate estimate of how many deserters there are, which is why the numbers I gave above vary so widely. Trust in concealed liberalism is one thing; trust in concealed ignorance is quite another.

This is not to say that everyone on the Carter staff has been ignorant and prejudiced. Kitty Schirmer, the person on the issues staff in charge of amnesty during the campaign, was an aide to Philip Hart in the last Congress, and in that capacity was involved in preparing a very good amnesty bill. Nothing that I am saying will surprise her. But what remains unknown is whether competent people like Ms. Schirmer will draw up next January's proclamation or whether it will be left to those like Messrs. Eizenstat and Duffy who apparently haven't a clue to what is needed.

A pardon proclamation that is both in line with the party platform and that avoids racial and class discrimination is fairly simple to devise. It should provide for dropping all charges lodged under the Selective Service Act, for instructing that no new charges be brought, and for expunging criminal records compiled under the Act. It should provide for a single type of military discharge, and it should waive the section of the Immigration Act that excludes persons who allegedly left the country to avoid military service.

The case-by-case review of military offenders is more difficult. Nobody has ever suggested that the doors of Fort Leavenworth be opened to release persons convicted of violent crimes, though fear of this is common. I suspect that the proponents of case-by-case are really advocating an article-by-article review of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, designating that charges under articles which would not be crimes in civilian life, such as desertion or disobeying orders to go to Vietnam, be dropped, leaving only those such as rape and murder which are crimes of violence against persons. In any event, the burden of proof should be on the government, not on the individual, if the kind of entrapment and uncertainty that marked the Ford clemency offer are to be avoided. Of course a review of the UCMJ should not affect the need for a single-type discharge, since "bad" discharges are always given administratively, over and above any time served in stockade for criminal offenses.

The only question that remains is whether the program outlined here is politically expedient. Difficult as it is to discuss expediency where matters of principle are involved, I think the answer is yes. There will be opposition to total amnesty, but there will be opposition to any kind of clemency. The American Legion and the VFW, which speak primarily for World War II vets, will fight a narrow amnesty as hard as they will one much broader; their response is by now only a reflex action. It will be better to get the problem out of the way once and for all than to pass halfway measures that leave it hanging for years to come.

In short, Carter as President will have nothing to lose by going a lot farther than as a candidate, he talked about, and much to lose by not doing so. The black and brown communities, for example, to whom he is much indebted for his election, are disproportionately affected by whether the pardon will extend to deserters and vets with bad discharges; they will be justifiably angry if it does not.

For its part, the National Council for Universal Unconditional Amnesty is working to make sure that the pressure is kept on Governor Carter between now and the inauguration. January 10 to 17 has been designated as a week for showing public support for total amnesty, and the NCUUA is prepared to respond to anything less with the same kind of actions that defeated Ford's clemency program.

I began by writing about "born-again Democrats." In a sense, the entire Democratic Party is looking forward to a new birth under President Carter. Many Democrats who were early supporters of the war in Vietnam and then turned against it, now recognize that their belated opposition was a factor in encouraging young men and women to translate words into action, and that they have a responsibility to support total amnesty. The plank in the party platform was intentionally worded to include all categories of war resisters, and it is worth noting that it was the one plank on which the Carter forces were outvoted. If the reception given to my nomination at the convention last summer did nothing else, it vividly illustrated that there is broad and deeply felt support in the party for total amnesty.

Governor Carter has never been tainted by association with the policies of the war in Vietnam, but neither has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he ever shown clearly that he wants to be dissociated from those policies. So there remains the danger that he will make the same mistake that Ford made—put together an ill-conceived and unworkable amnesty proclamation at the last moment and then be stuck with it for the rest of his term of office.

Amnesty is really one part of a broader issue: the effects of the war on American society. I have pointed here to at least one other aspect of which Carter should be aware—the neglect and maltreatment of Vietnam veterans. If he genuinely wishes to have Vietnam removed as a bone of intra-party contention and to see that resisters and vets alike do not continue, in his words, to "suffer anew in their own country at the hands of insensitive bureaucrats and indifferent politicians," he would be wise to proclaim a total amnesty. □

NEARSIGHTED OVERSIGHT

Patronage Holes in Civil Service

WILLIAM V. THOMAS & ROBERT KAPER

Charles J. Guiteau is perhaps the most obscure villain in American history. When he is mentioned at all in the annals of crime, it's usually to be called a "disgruntled office seeker." But in one brief moment of rage, he resolved decades of Congressional debate and helped to transform the whole federal bureaucracy.

Guiteau's obscurity is enhanced no doubt by the fact that he chose to assassinate James Garfield, one of the more obscure American Presidents. At his trial, Guiteau said that he acted in anger over Garfield's political appointments and hoped that by killing the President he might return appointment power to stalwarts in the Republican Party and thereby save the nation.

He failed to foresee (Guiteau was generally thought to be a lunatic) that his deed would have the opposite effect of prompting the Senate to establish an independent office "to regulate partisan control over federal appointments."

In 1883, two years after Garfield's death, the Civil Service Commission was created. It was intended to depoliticize the bureaucracy and act as a watchdog of the "merit system," whereby federal jobs would go to the best qualified applicants. However, in the ninety-three years since its founding, the commission in dealing with cases of legislative and executive patronage has done less watching than rolling over to play dead.

During the early days, sentiment over the value of the commission was decided. Many government employees hailed its mere existence as an impediment to "bad and corrupt men" who might otherwise "debauch the public service"; on the other hand, old-school politicians, accustomed to using patronage as a device to flog their enemies and reward their friends, mourned the apparent demise of the "spoils system."

"No longer," complained Sen. James Nye of Nevada, "will we be able to seize our opponents' men by the locks and turn them out of office and make them stay out. . . ." The meaning of Senator Nye's remark was not lost on the thousands of federal jobholders who regularly found themselves out of work each time there was a change of administrations. But it was not long before Nye and others who shared his feelings discovered that their grief over the passing of old ways was excessive.

From the beginning, the Civil Service Commission was accused of spoiling the merit system it should have been guarding. There has always been, though, a certain inevitability about the commission's nearsighted oversight. On the one hand, it was set up to be the federal personnel office, a central clearinghouse for job applications. On the other, it was supposed to make sure that no public official abused his legal right to dispense jobs by stocking agencies with the party faithful.

To the extent that it participated in political job referrals and failed to exercise fully its police powers, the CSC became a silent partner in perpetuating the corrupt federal employment practices it was intended to stop. A single bureau, whose commissioners are appointed by the party in power, could not be expected to assist the President in placing political appointments and at the same time curtail political patronage. That Gilded Age conflict of interests has never been corrected.

During the past century, many bills have been proposed to establish a completely autonomous commission free of politics and shady influence. None has passed. An account of recent attempts by politicians to circumvent Civil Service regulations (with the obliging help of the CSC itself) may suggest why.

As big government grew in response to the depression and World War II, the number of jobs held by political appointees increased sharply. The problem facing Dwight Eisenhower in his first term was how to dismantle the vast patronage system Presidents Roosevelt and Truman had built and replace it with a Republican model.

With the Republicans frozen out of government since 1932 and workers in the victorious GOP clamoring to be rewarded with federal jobs, Eisenhower gathered his forces and opened a new flank in the assault on the merit system. The "Schedule C" job was invented. If there were not enough places to put deserving political appointees, Ike simply made more. He also shifted certain career jobs over to "Schedule C," and high-ranking bureaucrats in formerly protected slots got "undesirable discharges" when their jobs were converted. Ike worked with dispatch to stamp out job protection everywhere FDR and Truman

William Thomas and Robert Kaper are free-lance journalists in Washington, who have published articles together or separately in The Washington Post, Washington Star, Baltimore Sun, The Chronicles of Higher Education *and* Popular Culture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had granted it. A generation of Democratic stockpiling was over.

When the dust finally settled in 1955, the Hoover Commission reported that Eisenhower's first three years in the White House had seen "the most significant cutback of competitive Civil Service jobs in history."

To fill the "Schedule C" positions he had created and get the jump on occupying career openings that became vacant, Eisenhower set up a network of secret personnel offices in every federal agency. These special offices, in violation of the Civil Service Act, reported job vacancies directly to the Republican National Committee, which then could push party loyalists past the sleeping watchdog at the CSC and into the waiting desks. The operation was headed by Presidential Assistant, Sherman Adams. In 1958, after Adams was forced to resign, Robert Hampton took over the White House political personnel office. In 1969, Richard Nixon named Hampton chairman of the Civil Service Commission, a position he still holds.

The prize document to come out of the Eisenhower White House was the Willis Directive. Named for the personnel aide who wrote it and appropriately illustrated with bombs and bull's-eyes, befitting the siege motif Ike favored, the directive codified the best techniques for "cleaning house" by sweeping Democratic jobholders out the door.

The discovery in 1954 of the secret Willis plan was to understanding the bureaucracy what finding the Rosetta Stone was to solving the mystery of Egyptian hieroglyphics. For the first time, the machinations of executive patronage were spelled out in unmistakable language: "The objective of a military force," reads the directive, "is not to overrun a large territory but to take carefully selected strategically valuable objectives. This means making all "Schedule C" jobs and all key positions GS-14-18 available to *qualified* people in the Republican Party. "Anytime a key position is filled by a loyal Republican of proven ability . . . another objective is taken in 'Operation People's Mandate.' "

Under the 19th-century "spoils system," legions of bureaucrats lost their jobs every time the White House changed parties. The Willis Directive suggested a way to achieve the wholesale takeover of the federal bureaucracy at a fraction of the inconvenience and unrest. By filling a few hundred strategic positions with party stalwarts, Presidential control over the government work force could be complete.

Even though the Democrats unloaded a barrage of criticism when the Willis plan came to light, none could fail to admire its genius. Following the same procedures in 1960, Larry O'Brien reportedly cleared the departments and agencies of Eisenhower's men in 180 days.

In 1958, former Pennsylvania Sen. Joseph Clark introduced a bill to radically overhaul the CSC. It proposed to transfer most of the agency's "advisory functions" to the White House and make the commission into an appellate body independent of President and Congress. Many top officials in both parties were publicly sympathetic to the measure, but rumors persisted throughout the hearings that it had about as much chance of passage as another Prohibition Act. There would be a show of concern and nothing would be done.

Committee testimony described wide-ranging personnel abuses in every area of government. Senators wore grave expressions—the time finally to do something about the Civil Service mess had arrived. Unfortunately, Clark's bill, which never came up for a vote before the full Senate, died a quiet, natural death on August 19, 1960. The system was still working.

The simple truth is that Washington politicians don't want to eliminate patronage. They depend on it to keep them in office. Conducting a successful political campaign requires a lot of workers. And when the campaign is over, the winner has the practical—some might say the "moral" —obligation to get jobs for the people who helped him into office. After all, it won't be long before he needs them again. If the principles of the merit system were strictly enforced, eager campaign hands would have to compete with thousands of job seekers already on the Civil Service registers. But waiting in line, while it may be the American way, doesn't win elections.

When a politician wants to give a faithful supporter a job, he refers his name to an agency. The agency in turn informs the CSC that it would like to hire the referral. The commission places his name on a list with the names of two other applicants who have worked their way up through the ranks and sends it back to the agency, which then hires the referral. It's not against the law for an official to refer a name for hiring; however, it is illegal for the reference to be considered when the job is filled. But that does not stop the practice.

Both Kennedy and Johnson expanded the bureaucracy to insure control over it. The JFK and LBJ kingdoms spread outward instead of upward. In a private memo written in 1966 that was to become the genesis of the idea for the new agency, VISTA, Jack Valenti advised LBJ to enlist the political support of the nation's brightest young men. They could be Johnson's "eyes and ears," he wrote, "the nucleus of a hard-flexed campaign striking force. . . ."

Like his two Democratic predecessors, Richard Nixon was also keen on hiring idealistic young people into government, for the reasons Valenti suggested. First, he scouted around to find the right kind of young people; then, like Eisenhower facing the giant bureaucracy the Democrats had built, he resorted to questionable methods to make places for many of them.

The most feared and loathed young man on the Nixon team was Fred V. Malek, a combination talent scout and hatchetman. When he graduated from West Point, the academy yearbook, *The Howitzer*, said that Fred was "always in the midst of every plot, both good and bad." Malek, now a vice president with the Marriott Corp., is rumored to have turned over to Carter aide, Jack Watson, a plan for getting rid of sixty key Nixon-Ford appointees, many of whom Malek himself recruited.

Malek came to the White House in 1970 at the request of H.R. Haldeman. His mission was to coordinate a nationwide search for Republicans to work in Washington. The objective was to man agencies with people who would help get Nixon re-elected. How Malek gained control over Career Service jobs is described in a handbook written in 1972 by Alan May, a consultant working for the White House Personnel Operation. The book, called the *Malek*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manual, was used to instruct Nixon's agency contacts on techniques for eliminating what it called the "legacy of disloyalty and obstruction" remaining after the "rape of the Career Service by the Kennedy and Johnson administrations." "You cannot hope to achieve policy or program control," says the *Malek Manual*, "until you have achieved political control. That is the difference between ruling and reigning."

Among the tactics the manual discusses for dealing with employees loyal to the opposing party is by-passing them on the chain of command by assigning them to "an apparently meaningful but essentially meaningless new activity." This is designed "to provide a single barrel into which you can dump a large number of widely located bad apples."

Evidence that the manual is still being read and followed emerged last spring at the Labor Department. Eleven Democratic career employees, most of them GS-15's and above, were transferred from their old jobs to a so-called Special Projects Group, also dubbed the "Turkey Farm." The Civil Service Commission reluctantly looked into the matter, but it wasn't until the eleven complained to the press that they were being politically harassed by being given nothing to do that the Special Projects Group was disbanded.

Before 1974, the Civil Service Commission had no established procedures for disciplining federal employees who ignored its recommendations, even though its major function is to police the proper application of the Civil Service laws. Nowhere was that fact more shockingly revealed than in a legal dispute between the General Services Administration and the CSC that ended in exposing the commission in all of its corruption.

The original controversy centered on complaints made to the commission by GSA employees angered over their agency's practice of replacing career jobholders with political referrals. After investigating, the commission charged eight GSA officials with dozens of illegal hirings, including giving jobs to Peter Shultz, son of the former Treasury Secretary, and Wade Burger, son of the Supreme Court Chief Justice. But GSA refused to fire or suspend any of the eight officials, claiming that the commission could not force it to do so. The "GSA 8" said that the Civil Service commissioners had no right to judge them since the commission itself participated in the illegal placements. It was decided that a Civil Service Commission administrative law judge would hear the cases against the GSA.

While gathering evidence, lawyers for the "GSA 8" uncovered a job referral operation within the CSC. Charles Ryan, who worked in the commission's Bureau of Recruiting and Examining, admitted in a deposition that he ran the referral section.

After Ryan gave his deposition but before it was released to the press, the commission's assistant general counsel, Joseph Scott, wrote a memo in which he outlined the damaging testimony about the commission that had so far been revealed. He discussed Ryan's amazement that he had not been asked "the right questions." According to Scott, Ryan could "talk for hours" about the commission's illegal activities. Ryan claimed he was frightened by "how much he knows." One incident that Ryan talked about, a purge of CSC files in 1973, could be a criminal violation. Scott suggested that the commission find a "principled rationale for disengagement (from the GSA cases) which should be acceptable to most reasonable people."

The administrative law judge dismissed the first two cases against the GSA because the charges were improperly worded, and in November 1975, the CSC decided to drop the remaining charges. At the same time, the commission announced that it intended to investigate itself. "Tails will be kicked where necessary," said Milton Sharon, a retired CSC Regional Director, who was hired to write a housecleaning report.

When the Sharon Report was published in May 1976, it confirmed the existence of an illegal job referral ring within the Civil Service Commission. But no names were named. It did not mention that Robert Hampton, the chairman of the CSC, had spent time at the Rockwell International eastern shore "retreat" twice a year since the late 1960s. In 1974, the Civil Service Commission had a $74,000 contract with Rockwell to study the feasibility of automating certain personnel files. In classic "bureaucratese" the Sharon Report called the destruction of commission files the result of an "accelerated disposal schedule."

The Sharon Report was released at a time when the Civil Service Commission was being investigated by a Congressional committee chaired by David Henderson (D., N.C.). With committee aides having discovered evidence of a cover-up that the Sharon Report had sidestepped, the stage was apparently set for a full-scale confrontation. But seasoned Capitol Hill observers, aware of the cozy relationship that often exists between oversight committees and the agencies they oversee, did not expect Representative Henderson to embarrass the commission. They were right. Many important people were not called to testify: among them, Alan May, Fred Malek and Charles Ryan. When Sharon was asked why his report did not include interviews with CSC officials who had admitted stripping commission files, he said ". . . for the purposes of our report we did not feel that we had to really nail this thing down." Henderson replied that he appreciated the fact that it was "beyond the scope of your inquiry." No one was questioned about evidence that the commission had dropped the GSA case to avoid a disclosure of its own wrongdoing.

At one point Henderson, quite unintentionally, went straight to the heart of the matter when he told Sharon that his "report speaks for itself and for your success in what you were attempting to do." Finally, lacking the quorum necessary to vote a bill out of committee, Henderson and his colleagues failed, as expected, to reform the Civil Service Commission.

From the lowliest first-term Congressman to the President of the United States, the primary objective of every elected politician is to harness as much of the sprawling bureaucracy as he can, both to keep himself in power and to carry out his policies. The more supporters he can bring into government, the more he will benefit. Therefore, the patronage process continues unceasingly,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

protected from public scrutiny by high-level cover-ups and by what Robert Vaughn in his book, *The Spoiled System*, calls the "yawn barrier." For while personnel management is one of the most abused of all political activities, it is also the most boring, which is why illegal federal hiring practices don't attract much public notice, or, when noticed at all, are soon forgotten.

Long before imperial Presidents were waging secret wars abroad, they were conducting secret operations in Washington to build an imperial bureaucracy. Governor Carter won the election over Gerald Ford largely on the strength of his pledge to streamline the day-to-day workings of government. Even before he takes office, however, his first order of business, like any Chief Executive's, will be to show that he means to establish control over the agencies and departments. The way he goes about this, whether by stuffing them with political cronies or by upholding the principles of the merit system and reforming the corrupt Civil Service Commission, will be the best indication of whether or not the President-elect intends to keep the promise he made the central theme of his campaign. □

RELIVING MADRID

Reunion of the Spanish Brigades

VIVIAN CADDEN

In the Leonardo da Vinci airport outside of Rome, Steve Nelson, his beret flat on top of his head like an inverted Frisbee, was struggling with the logistics of getting the veterans who were to be quartered at the Nuovo Atlantico Hotel in Florence onto the bus bound for the Nuovo Atlantico, and the Vets assigned to the Continental, deployed to the bus bound for the Continental. No simple feat, even for a former commissar of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. One of the wives who had come along on the charter flight from New York to the reunion of the International Brigades that fought on the side of Republican Spain, asked banteringly amid the confusion, "How did you guys ever manage to fight that war in Spain?" A lovely looking white-haired man replied, good-naturedly, "We were forty years younger then." So they were. The median age of the group that assembled in Florence last October was probably 65.

On the flight over, the talk had been as much about Anzio and Cassino as about Jaramá and Madrid. Much to the annoyance of the stewards, the men were in the aisles most of the night—keyed up, unable to stop talking. Because the reunion was in Italy, not in Spain, where it was not yet welcome, the two wars tended to merge. Many people had said, at the time, that if Hitler and Mussolini were not stopped in Spain there would be a second world war. For those who believed it, that was an intellectual, if passionate concept; but for the Americans who fought in Spain the two wars did actually become one.

George Watt, a slight man whose hair and mustache are still golden, went to Spain in July of 1937, at the age of 21. Wounded once, back in combat again, fighting through the Second Retreat, stricken with typhoid as the International Brigades were being pulled out, he was one of the last Americans to leave Spain. He came home in February 1939. Less than three years later he was a waist gunner with the 8th Air Force in Europe and was shot down somewhere near Antwerp. For six weeks, with the help of the underground, he made his way through France and across the Pyrenees. Spanish peasants hid him from the Germans who were combing the fields with dogs, and Watt finally got to the British Embassy in Madrid. It was one long war for him.

John T. Bernard, Corsican born, wears *his* beret at a jaunty angle over his left eye. "I am 84 years old," he said, "and I have worn a beret for eighty-three years." Not many people know about Johnny Bernard these days. He lives quietly in Southern California. But in 1937 he was the Representative from a mining district in Minnesota and the only man in the U.S. Congress to vote against the imposition of an arms embargo on Spain.

There was an afternoon in the White House soon after the arms embargo. Eleanor Roosevelt had arranged for a group of young people to talk with the President. The President was sorrowful. The Scandinavian countries, he said in all seriousness, would not allow us to take sides in the war in Spain. The young people argued that "non-intervention" was not even-handed justice; that to refuse to send arms to the legitimate, Republican government of Spain that had been elected in February of 1936, as well as to refuse to send arms to the rebels who were seeking to overthrow that government with the help of Hitler and Mussolini, was not "neutrality." It was throwing Spain to the wolves. The young people were passionate—but they were, perforce, polite. They could not, after all, ask the President, "Since when have we taken orders from the Scandinavian countries?" or "Are you sure it's not Ambassador Joe Kennedy and Democratic Party Chairman Jim Farley who are calling the shots?" or "Is it that England is still trying to come to an accommodation with Hitler?" A year later, in the White House again, angrier because it *was* a year later, and more open because it was Harry Hopkins and not the President, the young people asked those sharp questions. Hopkins dressed them down, saying they were disrespectful.

On Saturday morning in Florence at the headquarters of the Italian Committee for the "40 Anniversario della Constituzione della Brigatte Internazionale in Spagna," which had apparently been working for months to arrange the reunion, an incredible babble of tongues filled the anteroom and the office itself. Men who had not seen

Vivian Cadden is a writer and senior editor of McCall's *magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one another for thirty-seven or thirty-eight years, confronted one another in incredulous disbelief and then embraced.

Dr. William Pike, now a retired American psychoanalyst, once medical officer for the Lincoln Brigade, then for the battalion and finally, acting chief for the 35th Division, threw his arms around Dr. Constantin Mishkov, once of Vienna, now of Sofia. Dr. Pike, his dormant Spanish flickering, wanted to know about old colleagues from Vienna.

"Langer. *¿Donde está?*"

Mishkov answered in German. "I heard he was sick. I think he is better now. He is in Vienna."

"*¿Y* Teige?," Pike wants to know.

"*Muerto*," Mishkov says, switching languages.

"*¿Y* Gorian?" "*Muerto*." They embraced again. Possibly because they are alive. Possibly because Franco is dead.

Oddly by himself in a room where everyone has found a friend, an unobtrusive man was reading an Italian newspaper. I asked him where he was from. "I have no country. I am a Polish Jew. I live in Paris. I fought in Spain." End of conversation.

I learned later that he had been the aide to Gen. Karel Walther, the Polish general who commanded the 35th Division that comprised many of the International Brigades. After Spain crumpled, the Polish Jew was interned in France, and when France was overrun he was in a German concentration camp. He lost his whole family in Poland. A British pathologist who works now in Holland recalled that at a dinner in Spain, during the war, General Walther arose, glass in hand, three sheets to the wind and proposed a toast to his aide, explained that they never drank at the same time—either one or the other always stayed cold sober. At which point, the now homeless Polish Jew stood up and said, laconically, "I never drink."

The Sala Luca of the Palazzo Medici houses the offices of the Province of Tuscany. The President of the Province, in a short gracious speech at noon on Saturday, welcomed the delegates, praising their contribution to the struggle for liberty in the world. Under crystal chandeliers, sipping vermouth, the delegates continued their astonished recognitions, like holiday acquaintances who run into one another in unaccustomed garb, in unaccustomed places. A small man from Yorkshire introduced himself to one of the doctors with a diffident, "You won't remember me" (the doctor didn't really) "but a piece of shrapnel got me here." (He points to his groin.) And then, in a mixture of embarrassment, gratitude and bravado, he says, "You didn't . . . Doctor. . . . Well, I have three sons and a grandson, too."

The circular, modern Palazzo Congressi is a gem of a theatre sunk in a garden of such beauty that it seems that the theatre, like all of Florence, has always been there. The first meeting of the reunion took place there on the same Saturday afternoon; it was an occasion of some solemnity. An Italian woman announced in English, mostly for the benefit of the Americans and the Slavs who have little language, that one can "insert the plug to the left and select the language of your choice."

Luigi Longho, once the youthful commander of the Garibaldi Brigade in Spain, now the venerable president of the Communist Party of Italy, brought down the house, more for who he is than for what he said. He said, in effect, what everybody was saying—"*Spagna libera.*"

In the audience were the seven Russian delegates, the scores of British and French, and the hundreds of Yugoslavs, Germans, Poles, Austrians. But the Italians overwhelmingly dominated the meeting—for it was, after all, taking place in their country. But beyond that, the war in Spain was for them something very different from what it was for the Americans and Canadians and South Americans and Cubans of the Lincoln Brigade; or, for that matter, for the Russians.

There is really no special organization of the members of the Garibaldi Brigade in Italy as there is of the Lincoln Brigade in the United States. But there is, in every province, in every town, in every village, the proud organization of the Partisans. Whether a man fought against Mussolini in Italy—and then in Spain; whether he fought against Hitler in Spain—and then in the hills of Italy, what does it matter? To some extent that is true, too, of many Germans and Central Europeans who, at the outbreak of the Spanish war were already refugees in Paris. They were the first to reach Spain.

In Florence, pageantry is still a live art. In the Sala di Cinquecento of the Palazzo Vecchio, the high-backed red velvet chairs were arranged on the dais as if for a council of the Medici themselves. It was the turn of the Commune of Firenze, its own red-and-white lily center stage, its own highest officialdom in evidence to welcome the delegates on Sunday morning. On either side of the dignitaries stood three honor guards, straight out of a *quattrocento* painting—red turbans that splashed down over one shoulder, gleaming trumpets in hand. Clustered around them were the men with the banners of the *partisani*—of Certaldo and Pontisieve, of Pisa and Cortona and Siena, and of the Associazione Nationale di Combattenti—the organizations that recall insistently Italy's own anti-Fascist war. And there, too, were the frayed silken banners of the British, the Canadians, the Americans, the French, the Yugoslavs. They bespoke the hope and the heartbreak of Spain: "Cordoba, Jaramá, Brunete, Belchite, Saragosa, Teruel, Gandesa, Ebro." Always the banners of the Brigades end with the Ebro.

Tommy Lloyd is a very frail man; he should have stayed home in New Jersey. But Spain was the high point of his life and somehow he had learned to know and love the city of Florence. He said to hell with his health; he had to come.

It is hard to believe that Lloyd swam the Ebro, but he did. In those last days, when Spain had been cut in half, the Americans came to the town of Gandesa and tried to break through. It was impossible. They fell back onto the mountain and that night they left, single file. Tommy lost his way; exhausted, he hid and slept for a bit under a culvert. Nearly starving he was given some eggs and soup by a Spanish family and made it to the river. "It was cold and high and swift," Tommy says. He tied his clothes to a log, thinking to push them across,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but lost them. On the other side he found a tablecloth in an abandoned house and some burlap sacks to bind up his feet and walked into the town of Rescara, into the hands of the "Franco-Bels." (My heart stopped when he told me this: it turned out the "Franco-Bels" were the French-Belgium Brigades.)

The next night George Watt and Johnny Gates swam the Ebro. Herbert Matthews, the war correspondent for *The New York Times*, and Ernest Hemingway were on the other side to meet them.

The men of the Lincoln Brigade speak with much affection of Hemingway. He was always there. "When you were lousy—and I mean lousy," one of the Vets said, "and you were lucky enough to get a twenty-four-hour pass, you would go to his hotel and get a bath and whiskey and cigarettes and food he had brought from France." And Hemingway was the unfailing optimist. "He had this enormous map of Spain on his wall. Christ, the war was lost; but he would take up his pointer and show you we were going to win it." More than 1,500 members of the Lincoln Brigade died in Spain. The British lost some of their finest young intellectuals, writers, poets.

In the Sala di Cinquecento the officials of the province and the commune, dressed like American bankers, read telegrams of greetings from the President of the Republic, the leaders of the Christian Democrats, the Socialists, the Communists and, to a storm of applause, a message from Dolores Ibarruri, Spain's "La Pasionaria," the president of the Spanish Communist Party in exile.

Then the people filed out to do homage to the dead. The parade wound through the city, past the Duomo to the Piazza dell' Unità Italiana, where stands the memorial to the Italians who died in the unification of Italy from 1821 to 1890, and to the Tuscans who died in the *Guerra Mondiale*, 1914-18, and to those who perished in Auschwitz, Mauthausen, Buchenwald and Dachau. It is all there, what they call in the college textbooks, "Modern European History." Wreaths with the green and white and red colors of Italy were laid on the base of the monument while the band played *Bella Ciao*, the song Italians sang when they left their wives and sweethearts to fight in Spain or in the hills of Italy.

On the way to the monument the young people who had joined the procession were chanting: *España mañana sera republicana*!

As they shouted it, it seemed forceful and militant. Actually it voiced the wistful hope of the reunion—*mañana.*

A year ago December, soon after the death of Franco and in the full afterglow of that long-awaited event, the leading Republicans, Socialists and Communists of all stripes assembled at a gigantic mass meeting in Rome, ostensibly to celebrate the 80th birthday of La Pasionaria, who as a young Communist delegate, one of fourteen in a Parliament of 463, had provided leadership and above all inspiration for the Republican forces. Mitterrand of France and Pietro Nenni of Italy and Soares of Portugal and the newly legalized Republican and Left parties of Greece—as Steve Nelson, who was there, put it—"people who did not speak to one another in their own countries"—assembled to celebrate the demise of the last dictator, if not the last dictatorship, of Western Europe. There was a kind of purity in that celebration.

John Peet, a veteran of the British Brigade said, in Florence, "Spain was the last occasion on which everything was simple and clear. There was a right and a wrong, a black and a white. There were no grays. And you know, it really was so. We *were* right." After Spain, Peet said sadly, "everything became complicated."

The complications of Spain—and the world—bubbled under the surface of the ceremonies in Florence. Santiago Carrillo, the exiled chairman of the Communist Party of Spain, did not come to Florence; he remained in Paris. Nor did La Pasionaria, who has lived in Moscow since the end of the war. The reasons were clear. The last thing that the forces of the Spanish Left wish to suggest is a new International Brigade. Even beyond that, the Spanish Republicans and Socialists and Communists and trade unionists and students, in and outside of Spain, do not even wish to recall the Civil War. What matter which side one's father fought on in that long-ago and faraway tragedy?

La Pasionaria sent a message to the reunion and with her ever ready flair for the right slogan, ended it with "*Arrivederci a Madrid.*" The message itself was slightly to the Right of *The New York Times* editorial on Spain that appeared in the Paris *Herald* on the following day. It was first and foremost for amnesty, then for the legality of the trade unions and political parties and for the setting up of procedures moving toward elections. It did not even use the word "Republican." Nor did the two delegates from Spain, who somewhat to their amazement had been given passports to come to the reunion; they had failed to get permission a year earlier to go to the mass meeting in Rome. It is a very cautious line that the Center group of anti-Fascists are trying to walk, despite provocations from the Right and from the Left.

There were murmurs about this in Florence. There were rumors and hints, too, about the strains between Moscow and the Italian Communists. It was said that the Russians had wanted to have the reunion in Moscow, but that the Italians and Spaniards had balked. It was said, too, that the Italian Communists were using the occasion to evoke their glorious, militant past in Spain and in Italy to counteract their tacit acceptance of the government's austerity program which was the subject of some heated discussion within their party at that time.

On the plane back there was the swapping of experiences and the exhilaration of returning tourists. The reunion had lasted but a weekend; the trip, two weeks. There was no one who was not glad that he had come. And yet—and yet: there was for some a kind of disappointment; more accurately, a kind of sad recognition that this fight that had been so central to their lives was now so completely out of their hands. One of the Vets said: "I've never thought that we would march again in Spain. But I guess I still hope that some day, in some square in Madrid, the roster of names of those who fought there from 1936 to 1939 will be inscribed for our children and grandchildren to see. I still think it meant something." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Writer at Large

LETTERS OF E. B. WHITE. *Edited by Dorothy Lobrano Guth. Harper & Row. 686 pp. $15.*

GERALD WEALES

"I'm appalled at the goings on in my country," E. B. White wrote to an old friend in 1953, but he added a hopeful note: "Hot afternoons have been in Montana, and we've ridden them out before." This juxtaposition of moods has always been characteristic of White's work, whether he was faced with a supercilious haberdasher or a world at war. There seems always to have been a bed lamp he could turn on in the dark night of the soul.

The surprise in the 1953 letter is the casual use of the Eli Siegel line, which was almost thirty years old at the time and was not to gain new currency until it became the title of his book in 1957. Except for a fractured bit of John Donne, it is the only literary allusion I noticed in this fat collection of letters. There are practically no references to writers other than White's friends and colleagues at *The New Yorker* and the newspaper humorists who influenced them. He does quote Thoreau comfortably, and there is one fine sentence in which he contrasts the styles of Ernest Hemingway and Willa Cather for an inquiring high school student. When he turned down the editorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature* in 1936, he told Christopher Morley that he was "a literary defective," and, at 70, he was still confessing, in a letter thanking John Kieran for sending him a copy of *Books I Love,* that "I'm not a bookish fellow myself." He may occasionally have sneaked off to a corner for a furtive look at something other than the newspapers and magazines, the books on boating, farming and natural history that he reads for pleasure and information, but this collection confirms White's sense of himself, best expressed when he told Dale Kramer to go to James Thurber for literary information because "letters have never been my interest, only my fate."

However uneasy a literary figure, White has always been a writer and has usually been serious about his calling. Even so, the letters are full of the ways he avoided writing—purposely or with regret. "The best thing about boat building is that it allows absolutely no time for writing," he said in 1945, and two years later he told his brother Stanley, "I find that Not Writing is very soothing." A decade after that, he wrote Bristow Adams, the Cornell professor whose encouragement and friendship had meant so much to him when he was in college, that "I don't know which makes me more miserable: writing, or being unable to write." The letters of the last fifteen years, when he produced only a handful of essays and poems and *The Trumpet of the Swan,* are full of disavowals which his desire to express seems to contradict; "I am not in the writing game any more," he said in a 1967 letter which disappeared from this collection between bound galleys and finished book. Sometimes the need for money sent White back to work, sometimes the enticement of a particular project, but mostly it was the "fate" he conjured in the quotation at the end of the paragraph above. "I can remember, really quite distinctly, looking a sheet of paper square in the eyes when I was 7 or 8 years old and thinking 'This is where I belong, this is it,'" he wrote to his brother a few months before he professed to find tranquillity in Not Writing. "I was a writing fool when I was 11 years old," he recalled in 1963. The letters show as well as tell, for in the opening pages of this volume the reader can find a 9-year-old White offering a cunning anecdote which with a touch of polish might have made it into the early *New Yorker,* and a 16-year-old White already in control of the end-of-the-line snapper when he wrote his brother that their father had suggested several likely vacation spots—"Muncie Island, Muskoka Lakes, Canada, Moosehead Lake, and 101 Summit." The last was their house in Mt. Vernon.

White, who had been editor of the Cornell *Sun* in college, decided after a few journalistic odd jobs, including several months on a paper in Seattle, that he would never be a newspaperman. He settled for publicity work and the pleasure of seeing an occasional poem in the columns run by Franklin P. Adams and Christopher Morley. His "squibs and poems," as he calls them in an editorial headnote in *Letters,* began to appear in *The New Yorker* a few months after the magazine was founded in 1925. He joined the staff in 1927 and, although he has frequently retired, semi-retired and otherwise withdrawn since then, his career has been inextricably bound to the magazine even though his best-known works—his children's books—and his most celebrated essays—the "One Man's Meat" columns from *Harper's*—have nothing to do with *The New Yorker.* Anyone who looks at the early bound volumes of the magazine will find E. B. White writing everything from character sketches and sentimental poems to play reviews and "Reporter at Large" pieces. Aside from these signed contributions, he successfully struggled with the "we" he hated and wrote "Notes and Comments" for years—"my weekly sermon" he called the column in a 1938 letter to Thurber—and, after almost fifty years, he is still doing newsbreaks, choosing journalistic pratfalls and providing them with comic taglines. Except for *Is Sex Necessary?,* the parody he and James Thurber wrote in 1929, and his children's stories, all of his books have been collections of magazine pieces. In the early 1930s there were even a couple of volumes of *New Yorker* newsbreaks, *Ho-Hum* and *Another Ho-Hum,* although he never lists these among his books. When he sent Gus Lobrano a copy of *Every Day Is Saturday* in 1934, he called the collection of "Comment" editorials, "a sort of a book" and added, "I don't think a great deal of it." In a long and very good letter to his favorite *New Yorker* editor, his wife Katharine, he explained in 1937 that he was taking a year away from the magazine because "I am not satisfied with the use I am making of my talents, such as they are." During that year he tried and failed to write a long autobiographical poem, fragments of which appeared years later in *The Second Tree from the Corner,* but by early 1938, as he told Thurber, he had submitted "two clipbooks" to Harper, *The Fox of Peapack,* "a bunch of ballads" and *Quo Vadimus?,* "a bunch of casuals." In 1953, putting *Second Tree* together, he wrote Cass Canfield that it was going "to be a queer book—a sort of dog's breakfast."

"I am old and wordy," he told Garth Williams in 1969, "and this book seems to show it." I am quoting this remark

Gerald Weales, who writes most frequently on American drama, is the author of two recent articles of humor in The New Yorker.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not because White is right about the too garrulous *The Trumpet of the Swan* but because it suggests that he had long since put aside his uneasiness at not having produced "an Original Work," as he mockingly said in 1940, declining Eugene Saxton's suggestion for still another clipbook. He understood what he had always known as a working writer —that he was at his best in short pieces. In 1922, he urged his father to read Robert Benchley's *Of All Things,* "as funny as anything there is on the market today," and forty-five years later he was remembering "the casual yet exciting and disciplined columns" of F.P.A., Morley and Don Marquis. The best letters in the book are those to Thurber and Frank Sullivan probably because White shared with them a sense of low-comedy high seriousness. It is to this company of newspaper and magazine humorists that E. B. White belonged, at least in the early years of his career, although he would find pejorative a label I think is descriptive. "I don't like the word 'humorist,' never have," he wrote to William K. Zinsser in 1968. "Humor is a by-product that occurs in the serious work of some and not others." He goes on to assure Zinsser that "if you're hoping to disabuse people of the notion that there is something vaguely second-rate about humorous expression in literature, I wish you luck. I don't think you have a prayer." On other occasions, being humorous, he fed the notion; in a 1971 letter, playing with the idea of Edmund Wilson as "the Dean of American Letters," he wrote, "I am the Hall Porter of American Letters."

Most of the writers he remembers fondly from the 1920s were neither Prince Hamlet nor meant to be, and White recognizes that fact. After recalling the columnists in the letter quoted above, he went on to say, "Seen in perspective, though, some of the well-loved figures of those days have shrunk with the passage of time." He mentioned Theodore Dreiser and Thomas Wolfe along with Dorothy Parker and Alexander Woollcott, but it is among the funny men and women of the period that the fade-away comes most quickly. Even when their subjects were not topical, which they often were, they packaged fragile goods. For arcane professional reasons I have read widely the last few years in the work of White, Thurber, Sullivan, Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart and their less well-known friends and relations—uncollected as well as collected pieces. When they were working at the top of their talent, which may mean no more than the happy conjunction of the right subject and the right moment, Sullivan, Stewart and particularly Benchley turned out pieces that can still make me collapse with laughter, as their book jackets used to insist I must. Yet, most of the 1920s humorous writing could not raise a laugh today, even with collateral. Individual lines do break loose from mundane material and shout, *look at me*. It is by such lines, often sharply funny, that the comedians give themselves away, let us see that their bumbling, inept (i.e., human) personae live within a stone's throw of the abyss that has preoccupied most of the literature of the century. But who has time to face *Angst* squarely when he can't even get the attention of the waiter, the salesperson, the bank clerk? The skeleton rattles lightly in all that merry band of the 1920s, but only Thurber and White have escaped their beginnings, stumbled into the world of dissertations, bibliographies, course lists and deep-significance essays like this one. They have long since ceased to be the Frick and Frack of American letters, and have become its Vladimir and Estragon.

One of the reasons that White has to be separated from the names that the letters treat with such affection is that he early found his voice, and it was always quieter, surer than the surrealistic slapstick and fumbling buffoonery that made Sullivan and Benchley so much funnier, so much less demanding. The voice came with his subject matter. When Dale Kramer reminded him of "Child's Play," a very early piece about having a glass of buttermilk spilled over him in a restaurant, White answered, "Writing about the thing had come naturally, and I realized that I had unconsciously stylized the action, and I felt that at last I had produced something that made sense journalistically." I suspect the "unconsciously" in that sentence, since so many of the letters testify to word worry and White's habit of rewriting, but his subject matter *had* fallen into his lap. "But I find to my regret that the small occasions in a day are what chiefly constitute existence," he wrote in "Things That Bother Me" (*The New Yorker,* May 21, 1927); "and anyone who pretends that his life embraces larger issues is probably just talking big." Two years later, in a letter to his brother Stanley, he said, "I discovered a long time ago that writing of the small things of the day, the trivial matters of the heart, the inconsequential but near things of this living, was the only kind of creative work which I could accomplish with any sincerity or grace." Even when White dealt with the "larger issues" of international politics, say, his "I" kept looking from behind the mandatory "we" of "Notes and Comment" to signal his distrust of abstractions. When the issues were larger still—death, for instance—he found in "Death of a Pig" and *Charlotte's Web* that the subject could best be encompassed in "the small things of the day," annoyances and comforts and practical details. Since everyday events take place in real settings, not in the empyrean, it is hardly surprising that most of E.B. White's early work is identified with New York City, most of the later essays with Maine, but city and country alike, however carefully reported, are figments of the author's imagination. New York is White interviewing a sparrow; Maine is White baby-sitting a chicken.

There is something almost benign about the paragraph above, and there should be since it is about the work of a man who has been stepping out with spring since he was a boy. If not always rosy, White is only occasionally as bleak as he is in "The Door" and "The Morning of the Day They Did It." Still one can hardly take "a ramble in the basement of my mind," as White called his essays in a 1973 letter, without coming on dark, damp corners where monsters rather than benevolent spiders live. "I hope everyone is well," White told B.A. Bergman in 1932, "but I have never seen the time when they were." In 1959, White wrote to Howard Cushman about the "bearded columnist in Peterboro, Ontario" (Robertson Davies presumably, although the editor never identifies him) who felt "that everything I write sounds as though I were just going to bed with a hard cold. I snapped a post card right back, saying, 'Hard cold nothing. This is cholera.'" Twenty years earlier, Thurber said of White, "He expects every day of his life that something will kill him: a bit of mould, a small bug, a piece of huckleberry pie." (*The Saturday Review of Literature,* October 15, 1938.) As if to confirm Thurber's terminal White, the letters are full of doubts about the survival of the self, the country, the human race, often expressed in funny lines, and of the diseases, real and imaginary, that have always infected White with dire expectations and the need for a comic mask to wear to the hospital. This is a real White and an important one. He is the yes-but voice that keeps the yea-sayer from becoming Pollyanna. He may even be the force that turned the young man writing cutely about his pet canary into the essayist whose work is substantial enough to justify the publication of his letters. One of the values of the letters is that they reveal the man who knows that, in an imperfect world, a hard cold takes on the symptoms of cholera. This is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the only, not the strongest, not the best White in the letters. The friend, the lover, the father, the clown, the confidant of dog and bird, the professional writer, the nonwriting writer—they are all here. The pleasure of the letters is that all these Whites, writing to friends or writing to strangers, turn deceptively simple phrases that hold the reader the way so much of contemporary flash and flagellation cannot.

If I were to send a message to E.B. White now that I have read the letters, I would borrow Stuart Little's remark to the telephone repairman: "I wish you fair skies and a tight grip." □

Poetry, East and West

GRIEF. *By Stephen Berg. The Viking Press. 116 pp. Paper $3.95.*

WHAT THOU LOVEST WELL, REMAINS AMERICAN. *By Richard Hugo. W.W. Norton. 71 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.50.*

STANLEY PLUMLY

When Wallace Stevens reminds us that the first function of the poet is "to help people to live their lives," he is of course emphasizing a moral point. He is saying that, as principles of reality, "the imagination and society are inseparable." He is trying to set the terms through which the poet and his public can come to an understanding. If those terms implicate the demands of the art itself, they also imply the purpose of those demands—to see the poet's imagination "become the light in the minds of others." Perhaps this all sounds rather civic-minded; it suggests in fact the essential empathetic contract required between writer and reader. Poetry, after all, is written to be read, and read well—otherwise, it is elocution in an echo chamber.

What so profoundly distinguishes Stephen Berg's *Grief* and Richard Hugo's *What Thou Lovest Well, Remains American* from the field is not simply their abilities to engage but their willingness to exchange. Both of these volumes are flawed on the side of generosity because they never cheat the reader of his right to full access to the poet's sources.

Both books share an elegiac commitment to the great middle ground of experience where most lives are lived—whether it is Philadelphia, where "the edges of the sky turn gray/ . . . and we are gray. /Ordinary people, ordinary lives" or small-town Montana, where "on gray days we reflected weather color"—"gray gravel in the streets and gray hearts/tired of trying to love." Both books speak from sensibilities closer to naturalism than to any of the other literary categories; that is, both books arbitrate actual experience in kind rather than in coin. They employ memory as a means, not as an egocentric end in itself: as much as Berg and Hugo occupy center stage they never get in the way of the real subject. Most importantly, both books offer up, through their local lives, a vision of vulnerability, whether the ethos is Jewish and Eastern or Protestant and Western.

Berg is the city poet. His rhythms are free, searching, almost abrasive; they reveal the hard-working impatience of a poet determined to get down to it, no nonsense. If there is any lyricism here it is allied to patterns in experience rather than to perfections in language. Berg is perhaps the most passionate of his contemporaries, so it is not surprising that his compassion is aggressive.

I hear the bell ring, three floors up in my room.
From across the street the children scream
as if they're being murdered, happily,
and it's quiet suddenly after recess. . .

In class yesterday while the students wrote
I fixed their poems and whispered to them
and tried to know who they were.
I bent so close I could feel their cheeks burning.
I was afraid I'd hurt them.

The Bride *opens with a description of spring*
in the Shumins' house one evening of the full moon.
In the distance frogs are croaking,
mysterious and holy.
The silver is being put on the table.
It's quiet and cool in the garden.
And for some reason you find yourself wanting to cry
like a girl getting married
who sleeps badly and smells the roast cooking
and thinks, as the family gathers and sits down,
it will always be like this, always.

Like so many poems in *Grief*, this excerpt from "From the Schoolyard" is

Stanley Plumly's book of poems, Out-of-the-Body Travel, *is forthcoming from Ecco Press.*

Carey McWilliams
Daniel Ellsberg
Herbert Marcuse
Noam Chomsky
Julian Bond

and many others are sponsoring America's new, independent socialist weekly newspaper

THESE TIMES

at $15 per year, shouldn't *you* subscribe?

Name

Street

City, State, Zip

GUARANTEE: If you're not pleased after receiving two issues of **These Times**, we'll refund your $15.

Make your check payable to: **New Majority Publishing Company, Inc.,** 1509 North Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago, IL 60622

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

built by parallels, the teacher's story placed beside the bride's. The structure of the book is similar. In a clear chronology, it places versions of Chekhov beside versions of poems in translation (Blas de Otero, Annensky, Akhmatova, for example) beside versions of Berg's particular grief, death of the father. It is an effective ordering in that the book grows by virtue of each part amplifying the next and thus the whole. The obvious emblem of the book's title in no way intimidates the versions it too must underscore. If *grief* is the theme, it is also the book's presiding metaphor —its motif and leitmotif.

Sleep is the one we love.
But a grief in rags leans up to a thick dirty ear
and speaks and his breath melts a hole in the air
and the years break like infinite mornings on the faces.

. . . . . .

There's a desk with feet carved like the hooves of small horses
and over the kitchen sink a window that was always dirty.

. . . . . .

We're like the moon at this hour
as clouds swallow it or dissolve so
it glides through the shaggy limbs,
full, like the grief inside us,
then floats off by itself
beyond the last tips of the needles.

. . . . . .

I kept seeing the stiff white petals cupping nothing.

What the variety of these examples should suggest is that Berg is working out far more than a unifying image. The complete text shows a man fully aware of what T.S. Eliot characterized as an ontological condition in which we can imagine a fulfillment we can never realize—a man fully aware that the politics of life corrupts before it reduces, and then simply lets go. Even the love poems, in this book of love, are about its limits. The tensions implicit in such conflict not only energize Berg's work, they give it an immediacy of something rare and ongoing. In the book's final section, the poet's awareness takes the acute form of the personal elegy—

There's my father the morning I woke
and saw him. I see him
in me, eyes
open, mouth open,
drifting away.
He didn't wake.

This piece of a poem is at best a fragment in the lifetime of an emotion. Berg's power builds line by line, poem by poem, and is really only achieved in the aggregate, when the poems' power to be beautiful transcends the local emotion. There is one moment in a poem to his wife when the weight of Berg's story comes down to a single scene. Chekhov, at that.

I lie here with my hands on you, not moving . . .
I want to explain
what no couple has ever understood—
the silence, our two skins, the fact that one dies first.
One angry face the color of the
blossoms flashes up and leaves.
The moon pours in. I begin telling you about
my life like the cabdriver in the story
who plows all night through Moscow desperate
for someone to listen to him and winds up at dawn
standing under a streetlamp, snow chilling his mouth
telling his horse how terrible life is because his
five-year-old son died yesterday, and not one passenger would listen,
pulling the nag's ear down to his mouth, whispering deep
into it his unbearable story.

Richard Hugo, by default, is the country poet. His best poems have some of the huge rhythmic qualities of the great hymns: regular as clockwork, we know what's coming, but we're powerless, thank God, to stop it. His roughhouse blank verse is certainly a voice that is great within us.

That is the crude self I've come to. The man who says
suffer, stay poor and I can create. Believe me, friends,
I offer you your homes and wish you well in them.
May kisses rain. May you find warm arms each morning.
May your favorite tree be blooming in December.
And may you never be dispossessed, forced to wander
a world the color of salt with no young music in it.

This is Hugo's fifth volume of poetry, and his best. It ought to be required reading, if for no other reason than its territorial imperative. Hugo's Montana, his Northwest, is a nation of frontier towns hanging on. Hugo's genius is that he makes it our nation. He has elsewhere qualified his "crude self" with more wit: "life has a habit of reducing us all to amateur status." Citizenship in his nation, then, first requires acknowledgment of our amateur status, acknowledgment of our part in that peripheral but continuing Hugo population of losers, lovers, minorities, also-rans, freaks, the poor, the old, shadows and other shades.

It is Hugo's ability to empathize without condescending that permits him such easy and natural entry. He is never superior to his material. He is, in fact, our witness in a world in which "the cell door clangs before we know/we're doing wrong." Grief, in such a place, is translated into resignation—"Poverty was real, wallet and spirit,/and each day slow as church."—and determinism is converted into determination.

You loved them well and they remain, still with nothing
to do, no money and no will. Loved them, and the gray
that was their disease you carry for extra food
in case you're stranded in some odd empty town
and need hungry lovers for friends, and need feel
you are welcome in the secret club they have formed.

Sociology aside, what is remarkable in these poems is how the music coordinates the texture, how the speaking voice controls its crowds. Hugo can sometimes create a blur of detail and verbal activity; and the consistently dense look of his stanzas, poem after poem, does not help. But in his best poems this poet is unique in his concern that his reader *hear*, emphatically, what is being said. "The Art of Poetry," for instance, Hugo's *ars poetica*, is exactly that—a kind of summary of the technique he has brought to bear on himself and his various small towns.

The man in the moon was better not a man.
Think, sad Raymond, how you glare across
the sea, hating the invisible near east
and your wife's hysteria. You'll always be here,
rain or gloom, painting a private Syria,
preferred dimensions of girls. Outside, gulls
scar across your fantasy. Rifled spray on glass
unfocuses the goats you stock on the horizon,
laddering blue like dolphins, looping over the sun.
Better the moon you need. Better not the man.
Sad Raymond, twice a day the tide comes in.

Without belaboring the point, in just this one stanza, the first, the poet has managed to include a sizable amount of information and dramatic detail, not the least of which is the "setting," the complication of "character," the establishment of a refrain, plus all those nouns and objects. These events are lifted, though, by a voice able to measure its accents against speech rather than rhetoric, able to rhyme by search

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rather than by seizure, able to balance its ambiguities through narrative rather than argument. It is the full cup, with nothing spilled. By the end of the poem, Raymond is equal to the man in the moon, Hugo's muse, the one "looking for a man who's pure in his despair."

The operative word in *What Thou Lovest Well, Remains American* is gray —"the color made me cold." It is Hugo's metaphor for grief; it is also the way he describes grace, that act in which we are forgiven as we are accepted for what we are. □

An Unfashionable Sensibility

WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME. *By Marge Piercy. Alfred A. Knopf. 416 pp. $10.*

LIVING IN THE OPEN. *By Marge Piercy. Alfred A. Knopf. 128 pp. $6.95.*

MARGARET ATWOOD

Marge Piercy now has eight books to her credit, four novels and four books of poetry. Her work has always had the courage both of her convictions and of its own (the difference between the two has occasionally been one of her problems), and the present books are no exception. She is a serious writer who deserves the sort of considered attention which, too often, she does not get.

For instance, none of the reviews of *Woman on the Edge of Time* I've read to date even seems to have acknowledged its genre. Most have assumed that the book is intended as a realistic novel for that is certainly how it starts out. It appears to be the slice-of-life story of a 37-year-old Chicana welfare recipient named Consuelo, whose past history we are given in the first few pages of the book. Consuelo had a child, was deserted by her husband, and subsequently took up with a black, blind pickpocket whose death drove her into a depression in which she accidentally broke her daughter's wrist. For this offense she was committed to a mental institution and has had her child taken away from her. The only person left for her to love is her doped-up prostitute niece Dolly, but in defending Dolly she breaks the nose of Dolly's pimp and is recommitted by him. The rest of the book takes place "inside" (with one escape and one visit to the outside) and the descriptions of institutional life are enough to make the reader believe that Connie will be driven mad by sadistic doctors and indifferent attendants. This part of the book is rendered in excruciating, grotty, Zolaesque detail, pill by deadening pill, meal by cardboard meal, ordeal by ordeal, and as a rendition of what life in a New York bin is like for those without money or influence it is totally convincing and depressing.

However, even before Connie is recommitted she has been having visits from a strange creature named Luciente. Luciente turns out to be a visitor from the future; Connie thinks the visitor is a young man and is surprised when she is revealed as a woman. By making contact with Connie's mind, Luciente can help Connie project herself into the world of the future, Luciente's world. Connie travels there extensively, and needless to say the reader goes with her.

Some reviewers treated this part of the book as a regrettable daydream or even a hallucination caused by Connie's madness. Such an interpretation undercuts the entire book. If Connie is insane, her struggles to escape from the institution must be viewed in an entirely different light from that in which the author puts them, and the doctors, the pimp and the indifferent family are somewhat justified in their callous treatment. Other reviewers did not see Connie as insane but took Luciente and her troupe to be a pointless exercise in "science fiction," an exercise which should have no place in a piece of social realism. But Piercy is not that stupid. If she had intended a realistic novel she would have written one. *Woman on the Edge of Time* is a utopia, with all the virtues and shortcomings of the form, and many of the things reviewers found irksome are indigenous to the genre rather than the author.

By *utopia,* I mean books such as Morris's *News from Nowhere,* Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* Hudson's *A Crystal Age,* or even Wyndham's *Consider Her Ways.* These differ greatly from plot-centered otherworld fantasies such as Tolkien's, and though they may share some elements with "science fiction," this category is too broad for them. The books I've mentioned all send an emissary from an oppressive contemporary society into the future as a sort of tourist-journalist, to check out improved conditions and report back. Such books are not really about the hero's adventures, though a love affair of some sort is usually thrown in to sweeten the didactic pill. The real hero is the future society; the reader is intended to comparison-shop in company with the time-traveler, questioning the invariably polite inhabitants and grumbling over disconcerting details. The moral intent of such fables is to point out to us that our own undesirable conditions are not necessary: if things can be imagined differently, they can be done differently.

Hence the inevitable long-winded conversations in which traveler and tour guide, in this case, Connie and Luciente, plod through the day-to-day workings of their societies. What about sewage disposal? birth control? ecology? education? Books of this sort *always* contain conversations like this, and it is to Piercy's credit that she has given us a very human and rather grouchy traveler and a guide who sometimes loses her temper. The world of the future depicted here is closest in spirit perhaps to Morris's. It's a village economy, with each village preserving the ethnic flavor of some worthy present-day minority: American Indian, American black, European Jewish (suburban WASP is not represented). It is, however, racially mixed, sexually equal, and ecologically balanced. Women have "given up" childbirth in order that men won't regret having given up power, and children are educated more or less communally, with a modified apprentice system. There's quite a lot of advanced biofeedback, and instant communication through "kenners," which is uncomfortably reminiscent of silliness such as Dick Tracy's two-way wristwatch radios. But they do have communal "fooders," and, I'm happy to note, dishwashers.

Reading utopias is addictive—I found

Margaret Atwood is the author of Lady Oracle *(Simon & Schuster), a novel, and* You Are Happy, *a book of poems (Harper & Row).*

RUTH

She deserted him. He was
career army. She was through
marching, had a baby son,
no money, was fat, jittery, bone-
tired, but her own woman.

She came up north, wore pink nights,
left the kid in a pup tent.
When Bill with the green pickup
landed in State nuts, she married shaved-
bald Ben, gold ring through his nose.

They said her aunt stole the kid—
"Ben deals drugs," they said, "she's
been drinking." But I saw her cold
sober shooting skeet at the town fair
without a man, and thinner.

Honor Moore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

myself skipping through some perfectly acceptable passages about electric shock treatments and visiting hours at the asylum to find out what the inhabitants of Mattapoisett do about breast-feeding (both sexes indulge; men get hormone shots), about motherhood (bottle babies, elective "mothers," production in balance with nature's capacity to support it, adolescent separation rituals), about criminals (if incorrigible they're executed, because no one wants to be a prison guard), even about what they use to mulch the cabbages. Writing utopias is addictive too, and Piercy expends a good deal of energy trying to get every last detail *in*, to get it *right*, and to make rather too sure we get the point.

Numerous dangers await the author of a utopia. For one thing, inhabitants of utopias somehow cannot help coming across as slightly sanctimonious and preachy; they've been like that since More. And in addition all utopias suffer from the reader's secret conviction that a perfect world would be dull, so Piercy is careful to liven things up with festivals, ceremonies, nice clothes, and a hopeful description of untrammeled sexual interchange. There are problems, of course, but we are allowed to see the inhabitants working them out through council meetings and "wormings," a wonderful name for a session at which you accuse and complain. Some of these projections are a bit much: it's especially hard to write about communication between cats and humans in any way that isn't whimsical; and utopian children have difficulty being anything but cute or bratty. But the language Piercy has devised for her utopians has unexpected felicities as well as its leaden moments; some of the utopian passages even manage to be oddly moving. The poignancy comes in part from Connie's hunger for human contact and love, some from the resemblances she sees between the utopians and her lost child, lover, and friends. The outer virtues of Mattapoisett are overshadowed by an inner one: it is the only place where Connie is loved.

However, several issues are dodged. The utopians refuse to fill Connie in on history, so we never find out much about how it all happened. They're engaged in a war with an enemy, but we don't learn much about this, either. And they tell Connie they are not "the" future, but only a possible future, and that they need her help in the present to avoid "winking out." (I wish this didn't sound so much like the resuscitation of Tinker Bell in *Peter Pan*.) At one point Connie stumbles into *another* future—presumably what will happen if we don't all put our shoulders to the wheel—in which women are termitelike objects, and the air is so polluted you can't see the sky. The Mattapoisett call to action only bewilders poor Connie, whose scope is of necessity limited. She ends by bumping off a few of the evil asylum shrinks, and because of the ambiguity of the last sections we're left with the uneasy feeling that Mattapoisett may have been a paranoid fantasy after all. The only evidence against this interpretation is that Connie isn't educated enough to have such a utopian vision.

This is a genre more at home in 19th-century England than in the America of the 1970s, where moral earnestness seems to have gone out of fashion. It's a daring thing for Piercy to have attempted, and it's entirely in keeping with her previous literary production that she should have done so. *Woman on the Edge of Time* is like a long inner dialogue in which Piercy answers her own questions about how a revised American society would work. The curious thing about serious utopias, as opposed to the satirical or entertainment variety, is that their authors never seem to write more than one of them; perhaps because they are products, finally, of the moral rather than the literary sense.

To turn from Piercy's utopia to her poetry is to turn from an imagined world to an imagination, from a sense to a sensibility. The poetry investigates the values which Mattapoisett assumes as axioms, and for this reason—although utopias intrigue me—I find the poetry more convincing. Piercy is committed to the search for honesty, however painful; to action, however futile; to getting it said and getting it done, however awkward the results may be. She's a feminist and a radical, but her poetry fleshes out these concepts in complex and sometimes startling ways, and she's no simple-minded sloganeer. "I ram on," she says of herself and her poetry; "I must make from this soft body some useful thing." And, most succinctly,

Like the common blackbird I sit in
the wind
scrapping for my food, my place,
my kind
sometimes shrieking and sometimes
singing.

Her poetry is "unfashionable," in that it is not flattish, understated, careful or bled. It reads as if she's never been in a creative writing class. The words crowd, lavish and lush, metaphors logjam, polemic rages, similes breed similes and sometimes unconscious puns, and it's all part of Piercy's earthy aesthetic:

Better, I thought, for me in my rough
being
to force makeshift connections,
patches, encounters, rows,
better to swim in trouble like a muddy
river rising
than to become at last all thesis
correct, consistent but hollow
the finished ghost
of my own struggle.

And it *is* better, because out of all the surge and flux, the sometimes dutiful rhetoric, Piercy can build moments and sometimes whole poems that she would not have achieved with careful elegance. "People of the Shell," for instance, is superb, and it is not alone. Lines and aphorisms surface, flash and sink, poems transform themselves, words swirl. The literary ancestor here is not Dickinson but Whitman, and the vision is finally, despite the small ironies, a romantic one.

Like Whitman, Piercy must be read in chunks, not sips, and appreciated for her courage, gut energy and verbal fecundity, not for laconic polish. Dancing is hard and you may fall down, her poetry implies, but she is going to dance anyway. She rams on, and the reader can only applaud. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Off-Broadway, to say nothing of Broadway itself, can no longer contain all the now-emergent talent. In New York alone there are more new plays and little-known actors than any single critic can review. During the past two weeks I've ventured into some of the bypaths of the city's theatre life.

What first struck me was the presence of a growing number of remarkable young actresses, several of whom I have written about in my pieces on *Vanities, Children, Ladyhouse Blues, The Club*—nearly all of them off-Off-Broadway. That is not altogether surprising: women on our stage have for some time now been of more notable quality than the men. Men in general are being eroded, diminished, rendered spiritually impotent by the abrasions of our civilization. But since men still write most of the plays there are very few rich roles for our most gifted actresses. Only Tennessee Williams has created really interesting female characters.

It is possible that, due to the change of forces in contemporary society, more women playwrights of stature will appear. A first play by Shirley Mezvinsky called *The Contest*, which I saw at the Ensemble Studio Theatre on West 52nd Street, showed promise. It is about a mother who virtually wrecks her lower-middle-class family in a small town of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a Western state by her addiction to commercially sponsored contests, through which she hopes to achieve "prestige" and financial competence in the drab environment.

Corinne Jacker's *Henry Outside* was staged two seasons ago by the Circle Repertory Theatre, which is soon to produce another of her plays. She was recently represented at the off-Off-Broadway Billy Munk Theatre by a triptych entitled *Other People's Tables*. Ms. Jacker is also a playwright who merits close attention.

The Black Theatre movement is growing rapidly and developing plays and players of great vitality. These too are most often to be seen outside Broadway's bounds. On Broadway, black talent usually manifests itself in musical comedies and revues—not always the most significant expressions of black experience. That is why even such a (more or less) one-man show as *I Have a Dream*, with Billy Dee Williams as Martin Luther King Jr. (soon, I hear, to be played by Moses Gunn), is to be welcomed (Ambassador Theatre).

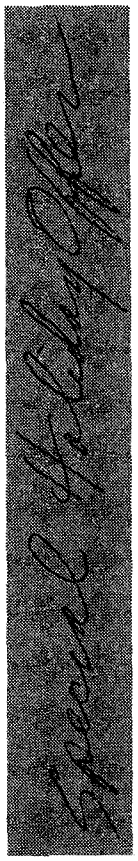
This leads me to another observation: the almost total absence of a direct reflection on our stage of today's social and political concerns. Perhaps our audiences' embarrassment, indifference, bewilderment, fatigue, fear or ignorance is responsible for this lack. Is the virus of McCarthyism and other similar ailments still in our blood, so that any decisive statement on social-political issues causes a retreat into safe, comfortable cynicism? There is a tenacious, almost hysterical, yearning for security above all else. Politics may be exciting but it is not entertainment!

History is chiefly appreciated as costume drama or sentimental spectacle. We have nothing to do with it except for ceremonial purposes and official rhetoric. We have no past! Long contact with college students gives me authority to say that national events of thirty, forty or fifty years ago are hardly more than vague rumors to most of them. Huck Finn spoke for America when he said, "I don't take no stock in dead people."

The Labor Stage is an organization committed to fill this void. Its most recent production at the Hudson Guild Theatre on West 26th St. was *The Wobblies*. That was the nickname of the Industrial Workers of the World, whose leader was William ("Big Bill") Haywood. The I.W.W. was an alliance formed some sixty years ago, well before the CIO, to make one big union of all the industrial workers of the country. Its strategy was to prepare for a general strike which would bring the capitalist class to heel, and by so doing make it possible to rid society of racism, bigotry, poverty, unemployment and war. Whether or not its goal was to establish a Socialist state is not made entirely clear in the play Stewart Bird and Peter Robilotta have fashioned from their material: part documentation, part invention. One character in Haywood's camp does speak as a propagandist for socialism, but I am not sure that it was basic to Haywood's action.

The play centers on the 1918 trial of Haywood and 101 I.W.W. members, instituted by the government on the ground that the I.W.W. was bent on obstructing and sabotaging the war effort. Judge Landis (later of baseball eminence) held that the government did not have to prove that any individual I.W.W. member was guilty of such obstruction or sabotage, but only that the group as a whole had conspired to that end.

The performance comprises songs, photos, newspaper headlines, the cross-examination of witnesses and a slangy narrative on the side by a reporter who combines, the authors say, personality



Tis the season to give them a gift of social significance

YOUR gift will arrive every week bringing glad tidings and clear, sane, and sober evaluations of the sad tidings. The Nation is more than a magazine -- it's the way of keeping clearly abreast of all the major national and international developments. The pages are few but they're packed with the gist and meaning of things. And they are packed by experts -- academics, labor leaders, legislators, and specialists in specific fields. That's why it's read by academics, labor leaders, legislators, and many other women and men of good will who want to know. The Nation is more than a magazine--it's an institution. For 111 years it has attracted a readership that insists on more than one side of the liberal-progressive point of view -- unfettered by party, faction or dogma. AND the grand "back of the book" has its unequalled coverage of literature, dance, music, art, poetry, TV, films and theatre. So this year give a subscription to The Nation. If you need more space than that provided by the coupon below, just put your friends' names, addresses and zip codes on a sheet of paper. If you like, we'll send them a greeting card with the first issue. Please indicate what name you want on the greeting card.

Please enter a subscription to **The Nation** as checked below for:

☐ 1 year (47 issues) $18.00 Add $1. per year for Canada and Mexico; add $2. per year other foreign ☐ 2 years (94 issues) $31.00

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

12-4-76

Fill in and mail this coupon to The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traits of such men as John Reed, Heywood Broun and Carl Sandburg. There are allusions to earlier labor unions and to such famous strikes as that of the textile mills in Lawrence, Mass.

Haywood himself is not presented as a flawless hero; he is shown to be vulnerable on many counts. He makes tactical errors, he is sometimes mendacious, he is a boozer, he is evasive on several critical issues. Unlike Martin Luther King, who openly condemned our involvement in Vietnam, Haywood at the trial abstains from speaking out against our participation in World War I, to the dismay and contempt of some of his associates. He is pronounced guilty and sentenced to twenty years in jail and a $30,000 fine; the others to lesser but still severe punishment.

The show is a sort of panorama of social happenings of the period 1903-18. J. Edgar Hoover, then an employee of the Department of Justice under Attorney General Palmer of the notorious 1920 raids, intrudes unpleasantly. Clarence Darrow defends Haywood in an early trial at which he is acquitted, and in passing we hear of the wonderful Eugene V. Debs. We are moved to learn more.

There is humor in the proceedings; the cast is good. I was constantly absorbed and because the tone of the show, despite its serious subject and implications, was generally light, it proved enjoyable theatre. Watch the Labor Stage; it meets a need. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the Double Work of Art," recently at the Yale University Art Gallery, is an important example of a kind of exhibition largely neglected by the public. University art galleries do more than accommodate study collections for the use of the student body; they can, when funds are available, initiate exhibitions to which the students often contribute. The Rossetti exhibition was of this sort. It grew out of a graduate seminar on Victorian painting and architecture given last year by George Hersey, author of *High Victorian Gothic: A Study in Associationism* (Johns Hopkins University Press). Four advanced students put on the show and wrote the solid catalogue: the speed with which they secured loans and wrote the text is impressive. Anybody familiar with the protracted lead-time usual in museum schedules will realize that they will have to slow down if they become professional.

In most public museums original scholarship is geared to the service of the permanent collection or to the endorsement of traditional taste. For instance, the recent André Masson show at the Museum of Modern Art may have looked like an aberration of the curator, William Rubin, who is known to be interested in surrealism, the movement of which Masson was part. However Masson was one of dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler's artists and as such has never lacked support. Kahnweiler's first generation of artists was spectacular: Picasso, Braque, Léger, Gris. His second generation was awful and Masson is the only possible cover for this awkward fact. Thus the exhibition, far from breaking new ground, as people unfamiliar with Masson's work may have supposed, was fundamentally another attempt to vindicate the later taste of Picasso's dealer.

University art galleries are not immune to such distractions. Last year the Yale gallery put on an exhibition called "Richard Brown Baker Collects!" An alumnus of the university, Baker owns an Abstract Expressionist through Photo-Realism collection which a group of graduate students diligently documented. Some of the paintings are still around the gallery, so possibly a future bequest is in the offing. However, the Rossetti exhibition is free of undercurrents and deals with an original subject. The "double work of art" in the title is the conjunction of word and image. Rossetti was a poet as well as an artist and made no separation of the media.

He seems to have lived and worked in a frenzy of *Ut Pictura Poesis* (the classical motto: "as in painting, so in poetry"). He wrote sonnets on his and other people's pictures, in the former case sometimes inscribing them on his frames. That is bad practice, according to formalist writers who consider the purity of medium an absolute requirement of both poetry and the visual arts. The exhibition and the catalogue stress the dual functions of written words and painted images, one inveterately discursive in Rossetti's hands, the other insistently ornamental. The catalogue has four authors, Maryan Wynn Ainsworth, Susan P. Casteras, Susan Ball Bandelin and Jane Bayard, all of whom propose firm complexities in place of the simplifications of pure medium theory. The casual and contextual information that the poetry contributes to the paintings and the sensual solidity that the images confer on the poems are keenly discussed by the writers and, in the exhibition, powerfully reinforced the paintings and drawings.

Rossetti as poet-painter requires that we be both reader and spectator. In the catalogue there is an interesting comparison of "Found," the poem and the painting. The situation in both is that of a man from the country discovering in the city his former love, now a prostitute. He initiates reconciliation in the painting, but the poem is nonconsolatory. The last line of the poem is the woman's cry, "Leave me—I do not know you—go away." The painting does not depend on the text for its meaning. It is a legible image of such "opposites" as country and town, past and present, male and female. The poem, however, as Bandelin points out, expresses a non-Christian view of redemption—sometimes it *is* too late. There is no reason to regard it as an inadequacy that Rossetti's tough-minded ultimate doubt is expressed more fully in the poem or that the pangs of the moment of rediscovery concentrated in the painting are comparatively weak in the poem. Together they make the double work: the two distinct sign systems intersect.

Rossetti's art has had little support recently. The opinion of Agnes Mongan, writing in a Fogg Museum of Art catalogue thirty years ago, has gone unquestioned. She allowed that "some magic is always present in his pictures. . . . It subdues the faults of his drawings and casts its spell over the inadequacies of his paint surface." The Yale catalogue rehabilitates Rossetti's coherence as a poet-painter but pays little attention to him *as a painter*. It was notable, for example, that the paintings looked less labored than I for one had expected. That is because we are no longer conditioned by an *alla prima*, direct-touch aesthetic, derived from Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. Tonal painting and continuous modeling are, so to say, visible again. More attention to the physiognomy of the works is required, but aside from this omission the catalogue contributes to the revival of Rossetti's reputation. And of course discussion of the interactions of art and literature is germane not only to Rossetti but to a wide range of collaborative projects involving joint authors.

University art galleries address the campus, other universities and the community, in that order. Thus they are not as widely known as some of them deserve to be. The University of Maryland Art Gallery, for example, has a first-rate record of exhibitions in the last ten years, including shows of Arthur Dove's collages, Arshile Gorky's drawings, "The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art of the Comic Strip," Thomas Couture's paintings and Couture's American pupils. Last year the exhibition was "Search for Innocence," a study of primitivism in the 19th century. Primitivism refers to the notion that the early form of an art is better than its later development. It embraces the primal rather than the elaborate. Ingres, the German Nazarene group, William Blake, a group of J-L. David's students known as the Primitifs, and the pre-Raphaelites were presented convincingly on this basis in an excellent catalogue by George Levitine, chairman of the art department, and Melinda Curtis, a graduate student. I feel that the literary-artistic parallel in the Rossetti show and the essentializing theme of "Search for Innocence" made livelier exhibitions than most public museums manage to present.

Rossetti moved emphatically beyond his initial pre-Raphaelite aesthetic in which he savored the innocence of European art. In place of the lean 15th-century Florentine influence, we find 16th-century Lombard and Roman models, respectively rich in chiaroscuro and ample in form: (*1*) Leonardo with his mysterious tonality and of course the glamour of the "Mona Lisa," recently launched on her career as a *femme fatale* by 19th-century writers. And (*2*) in the physically massive type of femininity that Rossetti painted, for all his adulation of sexual languor, there is a persistent memory of Michelangelo's form. The transition from primitivism to a *post*-Raphaelite mode is a rich subject, but one without the box-office appeal that public museums need. A university art museum, geared to disinterested curiosity about neglected ideas, might handle it. It is at any rate the kind of fresh problem that occurs to one after seeing an original exhibition. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Arthur Jensen (Ned Beatty), president of a conglomerate so vast that its name (like Tenneco) conveys no impression of its interests, projects his voice through a large, empty barrel to inform us that the human race is rapidly being replaced by humanoids. Perhaps that is why Sidney Lumet, director of *Network*, has encouraged his cast to perform as though everything they know about being men and women they have learned at second hand. They may not be robots, but they sure as hell are hams.

And Max Schumacher (William Holden), a TV news chief who can remember all the way back to the golden age of Ed Murrow, keeps complaining that his life is shaping up into a situation soaper. So we mustn't complain that Paddy Chayefsky's screenplay is a primitive handkerchief wringer that would have opened on the neighborhood circuits but for the fact of its extreme boldness. I turn, then, to that.

Part of the boldness resides in having the characters dash about shouting "fuck" and "shit" at one another as though they had coined the words. The more serious part is the film's thesis that television is becoming a great beast, besotted by audience ratings and funded with petrodollars, that is wielding the scalpel of raw sensation to decerebrate the lot of us. The plot, as briefly as I can state it, is as follows:

When the film opens, Howard Beale (Peter Finch) has been told that he is through as anchorman of the evening news show because his rating has fallen to a point deemed unsatisfactory by Frank Hackett (Robert Duvall), hatchetman in residence for "Mr." Jensen, whose enigmatic holding company has recently "acquired" the network. That evening, Beale announces on the air that he has been fired, that life has accordingly turned to ashes on his lips and that, on camera the following night, he will blow out his brains. Having sobered up—I hate to say it, but Beale has been hitting the bottle—he expresses penitence and begs to go on one last time to apologize for his foolish flight of melodrama. It is granted, but instead of apologizing, Beale lashes out at all we hold dear in capitalist society, making liberal use of the words quoted above. Sensation! And a *very* high rating.

Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway), a representative of the new ruthless generation at the network, senses that the public has become an army of jackals, hungry for the bloody meat of public disaster. She demands to be given control of the news program, which she will convert into a witches' coven, with Beale as the presiding warlock. And poor Beale, who is by now hearing voices and trotting about town in his pajamas, turns "news" into the biggest sensation on the air—an easy rival of Ms. Christensen's other brainstorm, a series of specials in which the Ecumenical Liberation Army really shoots down bank clerks and other oppressors of the poor and underprivileged.

But then the quite gaga Jensen (derangement is the *leitmotif* of this film) gives Beale that pep talk through a barrel and the bemused commentator begins preaching the happy humanoid gospel (eat, drink, and be sedated) of the multinational church. Unhappily, the public does not cotton to the notion that it should be glad to surrender whatever soul it has, and Beale's rating again begins to slide. Hackett says the revivalist must go; no, says Jensen, he must stay and to hell with the ratings (God blasphemes). Frustrated and inflamed, the hatchetman decides that Beale must be murdered, and Christensen, exceedingly high on audience projections, springs forward to announce that the Ecumenicals will carry out "the contract," live and coast to coast. So they do—and as someone remarks at the end, it is the first time in TV history that a man has been killed for his lousy rating. There is a subplot involving Schumacher and Christensen, but it is pure soap and beneath comment.

So is this a slashing comment on network television and therefore exceedingly bold? Not by a country mile. There is plenty wrong with television, plenty to satirize. But *Network* prudently misses the point, dishing up an outrageous razzle-dazzle stew that will ruffle no network feathers and delight a popular audience that enjoys being titillated by improbable threats.

The trouble with network broadcasting, and particularly with news broadcasting, is not that it is engaged in a network war so savage that it will put criminals and lunatics on camera to steal percentage points from the competitors. The trouble is that it is unenterprising, homogenized, superficial and biased toward information that can be conveyed in pictures. TV is not turning human beings into ersatz creatures competent only to devour consumer goods (that is a facile complaint). What it does, because it lacks the imagination and stimulus to do better, is feed its chronic viewers with a diet of information so inadequate that they cannot perform the basic chores of citizenship—that is, act in their own best interest. Down the centuries, the evolution of the means of communication has always been in the direction of providing a larger audience with more information. The medieval scribes did so, Gutenberg did so; so did Mergenthaler and the high-speed rotary presses. But television, a retrogressive mutation, is providing the very largest audience in history with significantly less information than its fathers and grandfathers received.

Very possibly television is not to blame. Perhaps it is an ingenious toy, not worth more than passing attention from adult minds. *Network* has Beale inspiring his viewers to throw up their windows, from coast to coast, and scream into the night, "I'm damned mad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And I won't take it any more!" Revolt of the masses? Nonsense. The real revolt would be for the public to turn off the set, pick up a newspaper (magazine, book, letter from a Congressman) and start hunting for what it wants to know, whether or not the information can be compressed into a thirty-second camera shot.

Of course, a film that worked up that notion wouldn't require the use of naughty words or an indulgent view of mental collapse and unprincipled violence, but it just could jolt the people into realizing that most television is a dreary waste of their one-time-only lives. That would really be bold, for the networks, which don't mind being called wicked, would hate to be exposed as boring. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC/Nat Hentoff

Duke Ellington was not only the most protean and durably original of all jazz composers. He was also the most astonishingly, creatively productive composer in American history so far. The latter claim is not yet taken seriously, to say the least, by the musical academy and its ancillary nurturers of "high art." They see the Duke, if they see him at all, as a black entertainer with certain engaging minor skills. But no "serious" composer could stay on the road with a band for more than half a century, playing dance halls, nightclubs and other such places where "serious" listeners hardly gather.

I no longer think, as I once did, that it is important to persuade the official definers of official culture how extraordinary a national resource Ellington's huge body of work continues to be. It will, after all, outlast them, and perhaps their successors will be able to jettison stereotypes and listen inside the music. Meanwhile, the Smithsonian Institution, a maverick among the certifiers of high culture, has issued the first in a series of Ellington recordings, *Duke Ellington 1938* (Smithsonian Collection R003; a two-LP set, $9. It is available only by mail order from the Smithsonian Collection, P.O. Box 1641, Washington, D.C. 20013).

The thirty-two selections were chosen, and the album has been lucidly annotated, by Gunther Schuller, the classical composer, conductor and president of the New England Conservatory of Music. Schuller also has a long history in jazz as a musician and critic, thereby being one of the very few consequential musical figures to have bridged the two cultures. Back in the 1950s, when Schuller, then the first French horn player with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra, lived in New York, I remember him riding the subway between music gigs, working on the manuscript of one of his classical works, with a stack of rare old jazz recordings alongside him for later transcription and analysis. Mr. Schuller is by way of being rather protean himself.

Schuller and Martin Williams, director of the Smithsonian's Jazz Program, chose 1938 as the launching year for this Ellington series because it was the start of a new, substantive development in Ellington's music—a period, as Williams says, "that culminated with the years of almost weekly masterpieces, 1940-42." Ellington himself had been venturing into new voicings, new forms, while also regenerating some of the materials of the past. And the orchestra had a particularly authoritative, sometimes almost swaggering, risk-taking sense of its force as the nonpareil of all jazz ensembles.

His orchestra, as has become a commonplace in jazz writing, was Duke's instrument. He wrote particularly for each man in it. "After a man has been in the band for a while," Ellington once told me, "I can hear what his capacities are, and I write to that. And I write to each man's sound. A man's sound is his total personality. I hear that sound as I prepare to write. I hear all their sounds."

And what distinctive sounds and personalities they were!—the soaring, sensuous alto saxophone of Johnny Hodges; the cutting, sardonic intelligence of cornetist Rex Stewart; the liquid, mysteriously serene clarinet of Barney Bigard; the "talking," rakish trombone of Tricky Sam Nanton; and on another trombone, the alternately elegant lyricism and exultant buoyancy of Lawrence Brown. Add the growling precision of trumpeter Cootie Williams and the magisterial, bigboned baritone saxophone of Harry Carney, and still other powerfully individualistic virtuosos who nonetheless fused into a collective that was indeed greater than even its exceptional parts.

Schuller's program, which includes some tracks that have not been available for a very long time, underlines the marvelously heterogeneous scope of the 1938 Ellington band—a recomposition of an Ellington classic *(The New Black and Tan Fantasy)*; sinewy ballads *(I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart, Prelude to a Kiss)*; an exhilarating technical-expressive breakthrough by Duke's favorite section *(Braggin' in Brass), sui generis* mood sketches that are like going through a looking glass *(Blue Light)*, and diversely much more. And this, mind you, was not one of the Ellington vintage years. Yet these two LPs contain music that will last much longer than most of the "serious" American compositions produced not only in 1938 but for many years before and after.

After a night's work with the band, Duke would usually compose until dawn, and beyond. But not seriously, you understand. □

classified

$1.50 per line / 2 line minimum/ 6 words (45 characters or spaces) per line/ Payment in advance must accompany all orders for less than three consecutive insertions. Classified Display: $20 per inch/ one inch minimum. Send to The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C. 10014.

WEEKENDS

FRIENDLY, INFORMAL—Willowbrook Inn, Warwick, N.Y. On Appalachian Trail, woodlands hiking trails. Near Vernon Valley & Great Gorge ski center. Homecooking. Tel: (201) 853-7728.

MUSIC

SONGS BY MALVINA REYNOLDS in books and records—write Schroder Music Co., 2027 Parker St., Berkeley, CA. 94704 for brochure.

LITERARY SERVICES

AUTHORS: WANT TO BE PUBLISHED? Inexpensive subsidy publishing. **MOJAVE BOOKS, 7040-A Darby Avenue, Reseda, California 91335.**

PERSONALS

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

MISCELLANEOUS

ACT NOW! Cut highway deaths by mandatory air bags in autos. Send petitions to Congress, President, Sec. of Transportation.

STORE OWNERS: Want to sell The Nation? There's a special reward. Write for details: Ad Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., NY NY 10014.

REPLACE PRESIDENCY with Council of Three. Eliminate Senate and Vice Presidency. Help work for Constitution amendment. Write Comm. For Gov't. Reform (Ad Hoc), Box 2000, The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., NYC 10014.

PEOPLE'S POWER. Electric, Gas, Fuel takeover by citizens or municipalities. A national newsletter exchanging information on organizations working for this is being formed. Send reports of your progress, ideas, experience. Address inquiries to: Box 1000, The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave. NYC 10014.

SERVICES

WOODSTOCK GRAPHICS. We have a wealth of top notch professionals; Mad. Ave. expatriots. Willing to work at considerably lower than NYC prices. Brochures, newsletters, ads, printing, writing, art, production. Martin Fleer Advertising, Yerry Hill Rd., Woodstock, NY 12498. (914) 679-7625.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP WANTED

WOMEN'S COMMUNITY Health Center, open 9 months, needs physicians for gynecology and abortion clinics; possible expansion to family practice. Good opportunity for involvement with progressive alternative health care in university community. Salary negotiable. Write or call: WCHC, 819 Lincoln Way, Ames, Iowa 50010; (515) 232-9078.

PUBLICATIONS

'TECHNOCRACY—Technological Social Design' available for one dollar from Technocracy, Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial subscription, $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. N, 33 West 17th Street, New York City 10011. (Full year $12.50.)

"A SHOUT IN THE STREET"—a journal of literary and visual art—W. Eugene Smith, Allen Ginsberg—Fiction Ed: Beverly Gross, former Literary Ed, THE NATION—3 issues: $4—A SHOUT IN THE STREET, English D, Queens College, Flushing, N.Y. 11367.

CUBA TRAP. "The Press And The Bay of Pigs." A detailed study by Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon. Single copies—15¢; 25 copies @ 10¢, over 25 copies @ 7¢. Write: The Nation, 333 Sixth Ave., NY, NY 10014.

EVANGELICAL AGNOSTICISM. Free flyer! SEA, Box 612 Fresno, Cal. 93709.

STUDY of our permanent inflation. Send $5.00 in postal money order to P.O. Box 78 Yucaipa, Cal. 92399.

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES

by Frank Lewis

Unique collection of wit-warpers of Books 1, 2 and 3. Send $4.25 (postage prepaid) to:

E. S. LEWIS
25 Hubinger Street
New Haven, Conn. 06511

SPANISH

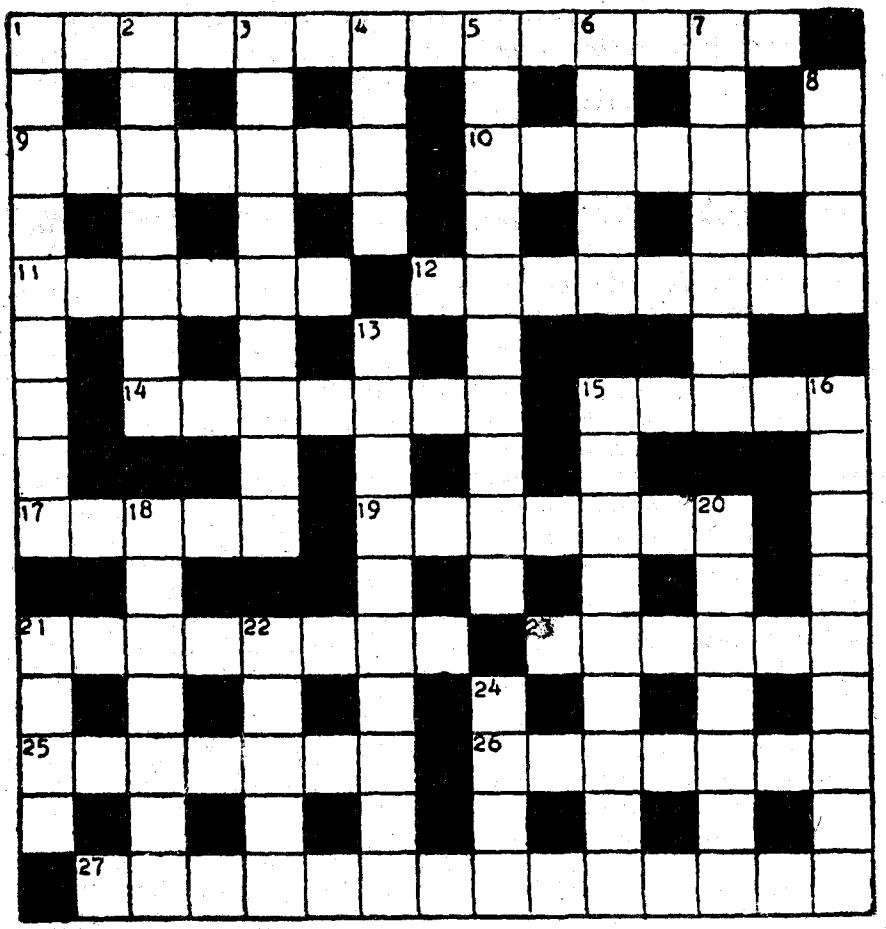
LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480. Cuernavaca, Mexico.

TAPES

EDUCATIONAL TAPES for classroom use, lectures, and libraries. Tapes include in-depth interviews with: former Panther Bobby Seale ($8.00), James Meredith ($7.00), Imamu Baraka ($7.00), Ralph Nader ($9.00), Victor Marchetti ($7.00); Feature programs on: American Indian Movement ($7.00), Malcolm X assassination ($8.00), Police informers ($6.00), Boston school crisis ($7.00), and Feminist issues (2 tapes $10.00). Free brochure available: Impact Tape Services, Box 2278, Inglewood, Calif. 90305.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1657

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Before the game, balls on the table are thus accompanied by French bread. (It hurts so!) (6,4,4)
9 Half-a-dozen take a tube, and cross this way. (7)
10 Well, you're supposed to be 22 and this. (So why the complaining?) (7)
11 Didn't keep awake. (6)
12 See 4 down
14 Red-head in a sculptured representation of 12, perhaps. (7)
15 The sort which sprout flowers are not the light variety. (5)
17 The play went on despite his non-appearance as a divine form to turn to. (5)
19 Flowers certain to imply an easy time.
21 What one says, goes—at least on paper.
23 Non-subjective purpose. (6)
25 A gap, perhaps, in the initial performance. (7)
26 A smart way to act if you're in the plural form. (7)
27 Dodo might represent the extremes of what has to go up. (9,5)

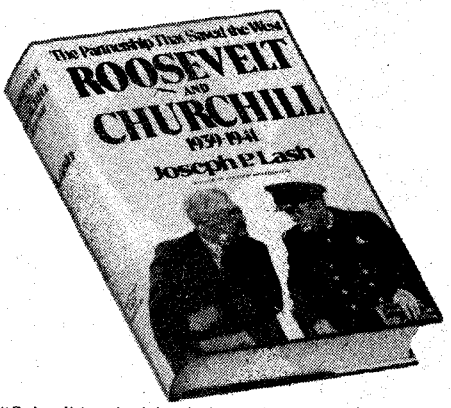
DOWN

1 and 21 down People are said to need push to go through it, being a turning point upon entrance. (9,4)
2 and 18 Very commonly Chuck the Devil? (His House was cold and lonely.) (7,7)
3 Crazy Texan, rube as well, made to be effusive. (9)
4 and 12 across Your feet sometimes hurt this way, but should be holding out.
5 Walker might, informally, do what the lead does in the band. (4,3,3)
6 Hope can't, without getting hot, find something for the last course, traditionally. (5)
7 In it I always start first, obviously. (7)
8 Expectantly eager, with a little silver to move up to it. (4)
13 Steer down, if someone has this successfully. (10)
15 Colorful rings with such flowers? (9)
16 Sight? Sight might be improved with more than one. (9)
20 Treacle preparation put on centuries ago, still offered to the public. (7)
21 See 1 down
22 Certainly not a late appearance of a bad up-bringing. (5)
24 Nothing to write on? With 21 it was an old policy. (4)

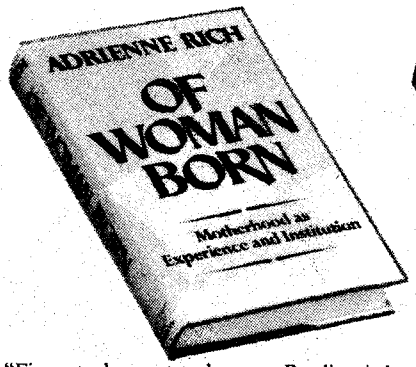
SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1656

ACROSS: 1 False modesty; 10 Outdoor; 11 Amateur; 12 Sisal; 13 Guardedly; 14 Hand signal; 16 Eden; 18 Cast; 20 Kettledrum; 23 Trade fair; 25 Bison; 26 Sailors; 27 A priori; 28 Stage whisper. DOWN: 2 Artisan; 3 Spotless; 4 Mortgagee; 5 Drama; 6 Stands; 7 Yielded; 8 Rorschach test; 9 Praying mantis; 15 Aftermath; 17 Seabirds; 19 Scabies; 21 Rissole; 22 Pelota; 24 Aisle.

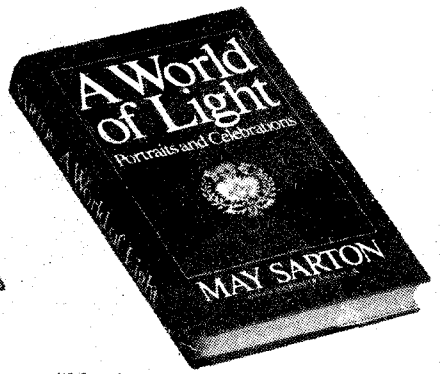
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



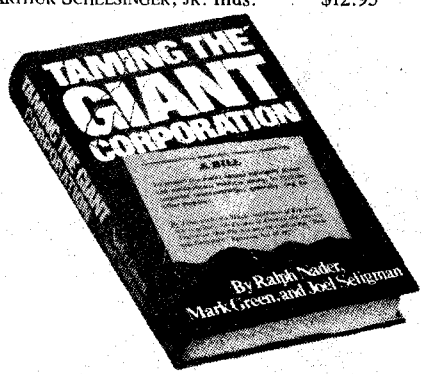
"Splendid . . . incisive in its analysis, compelling in its narrative, sensitive in its judgments." —ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. Illus. $12.95



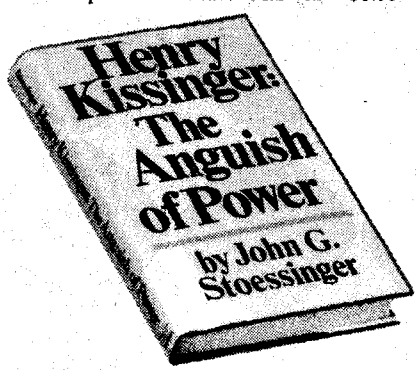
"Fierce and urgent and rare . . . Reading it becomes an act of reclaiming that part of oneself that was imperiled."—NANCY MILFORD $8.95



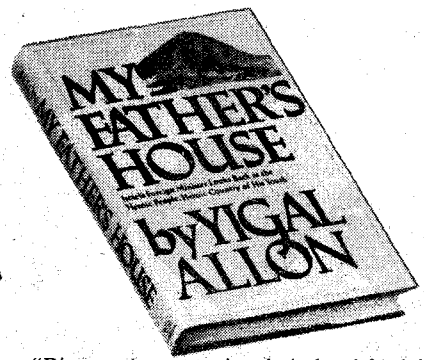
"May Sarton is a national treasure. Once you have read one of her books you will go out and find all her others."—ERICA JONG $8.95



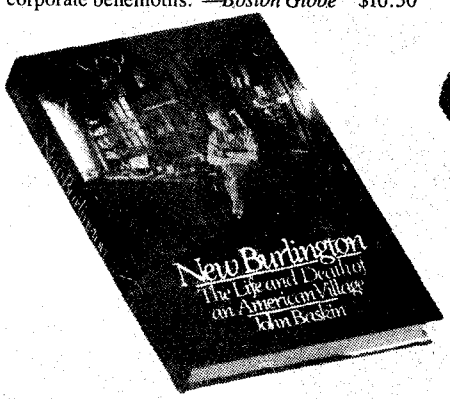
"A wealth of compelling information and convincing arguments for public control over the corporate behemoths."—*Boston Globe* $10.50



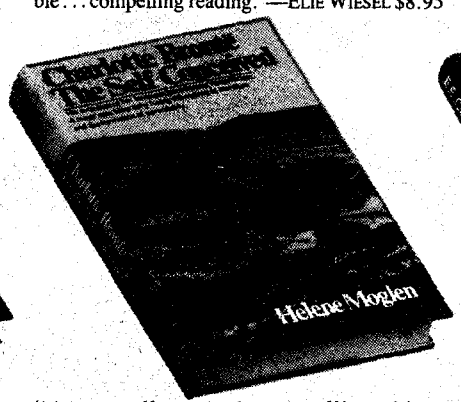
"An original and illuminating analysis of a complex figure . . . scholarly yet amazingly accessible . . . compelling reading."—ELIE WIESEL $8.95



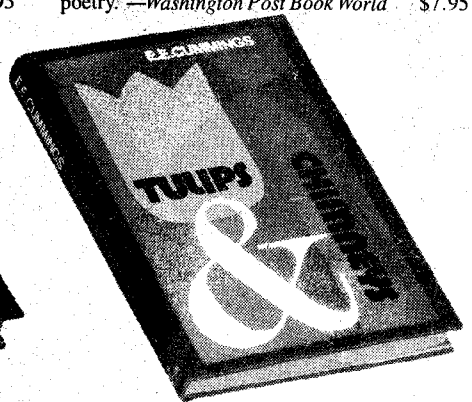
"Direct, robust narrative, lyrical and frank by turns. . . . a family chronicle, touched with poetry."—*Washington Post Book World* $7.95



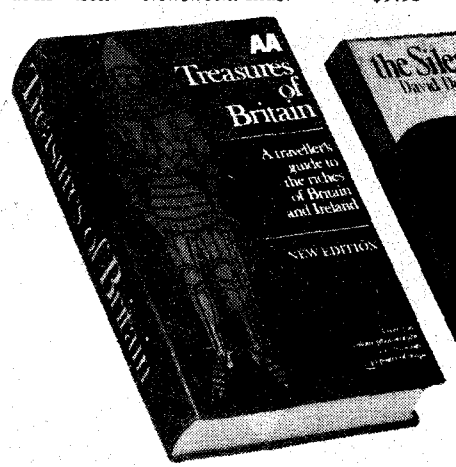
"An intensely poetic and moving document of a community and its people . . . as rich and various as life itself."—*Newsweek*. Illus. $9.95



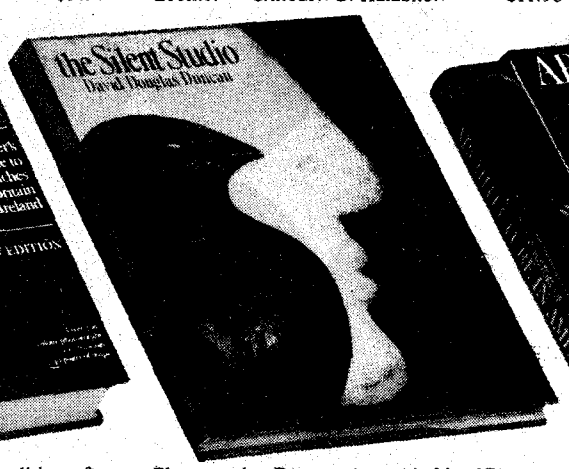
"An excellent and compelling biography . . . adds importantly to our knowledge of Brontë."—CAROLYN G. HEILBRUN $11.95



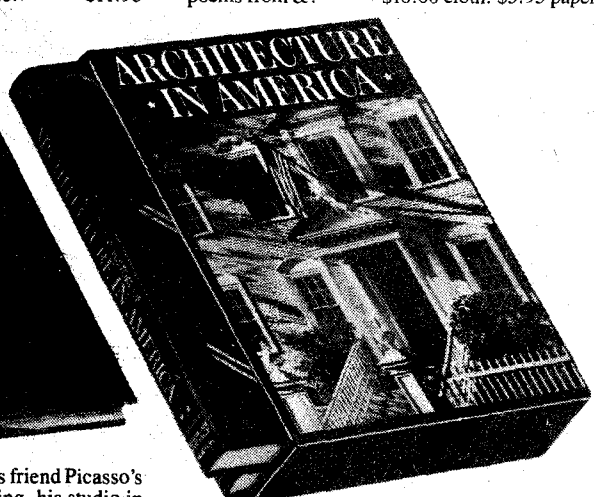
Faithfully reproduces for the first time Cummings' original 1922 typescript with 34 additional poems from *&*. $10.00 cloud. $3.95 paper



A completely revised and updated edition of a "magnificent, comprehensive, and fascinating book."—ORVILLE PRESCOTT. Illus. $19.75



Photographer Duncan shows his friend Picasso's last works in their original setting, his studio in Mougins, France. Illus. $12.50



This beautiful two-volume set explores the most significant architectural structures in America. $39.95 until 12/31/76; then $45.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Norton

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED